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14 factors that could affect the performance of your next prescription.

Before you ask your pharmacist for a cheaper version of the medication prescribed by your doctor, consider.

In making the "same" drug, different companies may exercise different levels of skill and care. They formulate and manufacture the "same" product differently.

Change the inactive ingredients, compress the tablets too much, make any of a dozen other misjudgments, and the resulting product may cause problems. Yet it could look just like a well-made drug.

That's why it's vital to control factors like the few we've listed. To assure quality in every prescription drug, at every stage from research lab to pharmacy shelf.

PMA believes every company should be required to document the biological performance of its products and identify the actual manufacturer on the package label. Because the manufacturer's competence is the key to quality.

To know you're getting a drug of assured quality at an acceptable price, ask your doctor and your pharmacist. These professionals know drugs. And they know drug companies from long experience.

They know that established firms—those with proven quality assurance programs—produce consistently reliable medicines. Such products sometimes cost a little more. But in drug therapy as in drug manufacturing, a saving at the expense of quality could be the worst kind of economy.

The Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association.

If a new medicine can help, we're working on it.

With your health at stake, you may want to know more. Please write for our "Key Facts" booklet. It's free. The Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, Dept. **SR 907,** *1155 Fifteenth St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005.*

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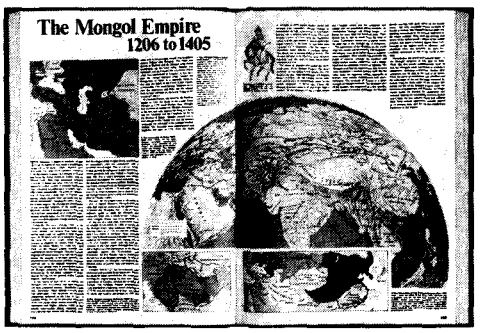

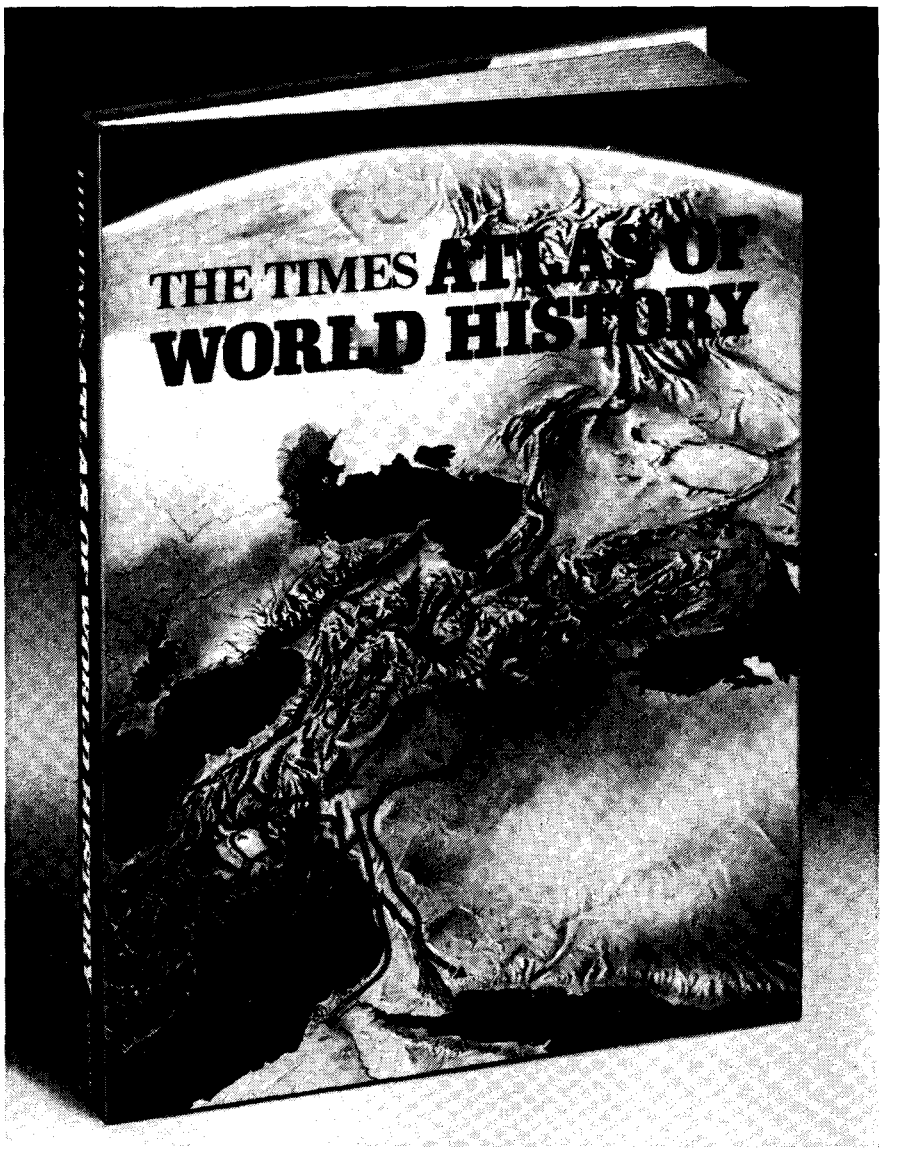

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We asked Americans:

'Who Should Suffer from Future Energy Shortages?'

In a recent poll, Americans supported sharing energy shortages among all groups of consumers:

"Is it your feeling that any cutbacks that come in the use of energy by the American public should be about equally divided between all groups of Americans or is it your feeling that some groups of the American consuming public should have to cut back a good deal more or less than most people?"

Divided equally	65%
Not divided equally	28%
Don't know	7%

Source: March 1979 national probability sample, by telephone, of 1,000 adults. Conducted for Union Carbide by Roger Seasonwein Associates, Inc.

A majority said 'All of Us.'

A majority of Americans believe that all groups in our society should share the burdens of any future energy shortages about equally. They reject the idea that some groups ought to be cut back more, or less, than others. Apparently, Americans have not lost their sense of fairness and shared sacrifice at a time when, as was shown in another Seasonwein poll, 50 percent felt that in the next few months we will be facing energy shortages.

While these questions were part of a survey of American attitudes on energy conservation, they shed light on the related questions of what the public feels is fair in dealing with energy shortages. And in developing public policies for allocating energy in a future shortage, our leaders will have to consider public attitudes as well as such economic realities as the importance of energy resources used as raw materials, rather than fuel.

Energy as a building block.
Most Americans think of energy as a fuel; as a source of heat, light or motion at home and on the job. But energy materials such as oil and gas are also used by companies like Union Carbide as raw materials—feedstocks—for which *there are now no ready substitutes.*

- Petroleum and natural gas provide the basic building blocks for products as diverse as fertilizers, chemicals, plastics, medicines and fabrics.
- In 1976, over 6 million American jobs depended on petroleum and gas feedstocks.
- The value of the products made directly from these feedstocks was $20.3 billion higher, in 1976, than the value of the feedstocks themselves.
- The petrochemical industry is one of the few U.S. industries to maintain a favorable balance of trade; in 1976 it amounted to $4.1 billion.

Feedstocks—a small but vital percentage.
Only a small part of America's enormous use of energy resources goes for feedstocks, but that small percentage is vital.

- The oil and gas used for feedstocks in 1976 equaled just 4.1 percent of America's total oil and gas consumption.
- Because there are no ready substitutes, cutting back feedstocks would have more severe effects on our economy than cutting back other uses of energy resources. Many jobs and the availability of essential products are at stake.

Where Union Carbide stands on energy supplies.

Union Carbide now uses about $2 billion worth of energy resources for fuel, power and raw materials per year, and we have a proven commitment to conserving energy resources and using them wisely. By the end of 1978, we'd reduced our energy use per pound of product by more than 15 percent compared to 1972. And we have recently announced new conservation goals that would bring our 1985 energy use level down *an additional 15 percent,* compared to 1972.

Union Carbide supports public policies, including the use of market prices, that would encourage domestic energy production and conservation. We support policies for dealing with shortages that would share the burden equitably and that would recognize that petroleum and natural gas feedstocks are irreplaceable and vital to our society.

This advertisement is part of a continuing series on public opinions and national concerns. For more information, write for your complimentary copy of "Public Attitudes on Energy Conservation," a report of the nationwide survey.

Write to:

Conservation
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New York, New York 10017

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Saturday Review

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LETTERS

Of Monkeys, Children, and Violence

Your cover story, "The Origins of Violence" by Richard Restak [May 12], was of great interest to me. I respect Dr. Restak's careful research and reportage of scientific discoveries regarding infant care.

However, his final question, "Who would have even imagined 10 years ago that studies on early brain development and infant stimulation might someday suggest a provisional theory about the origin and treatment of human violence?" nearly dumped me out of my rocking chair. Millions of mothers, longer ago than 10 years, by far, would have suspected it. Children who are gently and lovingly raised grow up to be gentle and loving. Simple as that.

Gail S. Ravitts
Rockford, Illinois

Richard Restak is the latest in a long line of investigators to infer from the antisocial behavior of monkeys deprived of natural mothering that similar deprivation has been suffered by schizophrenics and other emotionally disturbed people, as well as those who later become violent.

Unlike the assumptions of most psychodynamic theories blaming parents for their children's and society's ills, the facts of a motion theory can be discerned easily: either the infants were held, rocked, cuddled, or they were not. At a meeting of the Schizophrenia Association of Greater Washington, D.C., parents were asked if mothers had daily held, rocked, cuddled, and played with the patient when he or she was an infant. The 25 parents reported that they had.

It is too bad about the little deprived monkeys; it is too bad about little deprived humans; and it is too bad about innocent and loving parents who are again guilty by implication despite the usual brief disclaimer stating that the theory discussed at length may not be the whole story.

Margaret G. Kint
Wheaton, Maryland

The Press in Perspective

In his Guestview [April 28] William P. Tavoulareas struck a nerve in the freedom of the press issue which is prevalent in current debates. While freedom of the press is a guaranteed right, it cannot be considered a "preferred" freedom—many people seem to forget this. Publications are being sued for libel because of careless journalism, which might be avoided if journalists would take the time and energy to research their topics more thoroughly. The press is not infallible. It is a means of communication and should be seen in its proper perspective.

Karen Steiner
Winona, Minnesota

Out on a Limn?

From the April 28th issue:

" ... while 'Schiffman's Ape' parallels human and ape behavior in an effort to limn the disintegration of a marriage ..."—page 46.

"Hoyt has sought to breathe life into the public statue by limning the whole man ..."—page 47.

" ... let me limn New York's famous discotheque ..."—page 56.

You are clearly guilty of exceeding the "limn it."

Kenneth P. Service
Bethel Park, Pennsylvania

Faded Memories

Nancy Stevens's "The Perils and Pleasures of Collecting Color" [May 12] is important but it omits other perils of color which are beyond the scope of her piece.

For example, what will family albums look like in 50 years? What about historical color photographs? If Mathew Brady had used our color materials for his Civil War photographs, we would have nothing to show today. There is a method of prolonging the life of color by making separation negatives on black-and-white film but it is a process that few of us would undertake.

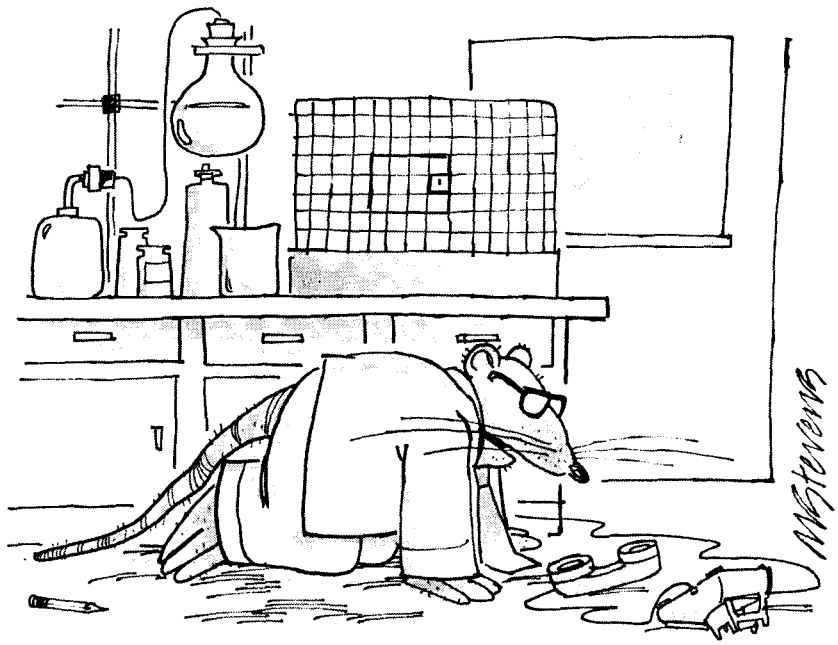
David Rosenfeld
Bronx, New York

Se Habla Inglés

Bravo for Carll Tucker's "English Spoken Here" [The Back Door, May 12].

I am a foreigner from Casablanca, Morocco, and speak four languages—French is my mother tongue. Of course studying in your native tongue is always easier, but who wants to do away with the challenge and fascination of languages!

I do share your opinion that teaching classes solely in Spanish is harmful rather than helpful. And this goes for any minority. No one is asked to turn his back on his background. I firmly believe,



"Dr. Jameson? ... Crandall here. I wonder if you'd be good enough to drop by my laboratory sometime today?"

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from my own experience, that it is very possible to marry both one's own heritage and the customs and language of the country we live in.

Rachelle Assouline
New York, New York

So Carll Tucker gets riled when a Spanish-speaking American asks him directions to City Hall [The Back Door, May 12]? If I were he I wouldn't boast of this reaction. Most of us, endowed with a modicum of respect for immigrants struggling with a difficult tongue, either call on our elementary knowledge of the foreign language or manage, through hand signals, to communicate.

More important, Mr. Tucker, in expounding his notion of what constitutes a national entity, is sorely misinformed. Switzerland manages very well with four different tongues and is one of the strongest nations, economically, in Europe. The USSR encompasses numerous different linguistic groups; Chinese dialects are very diverse, and Mao's way of speaking couldn't be understood by millions of those who admired him.

There is no evidence to suggest that bilingual education weakens either national unity or resolve. Indeed, including two languages in a school often helps combat prejudice and the feeling that some are "less" American than others.

Jonathan M. Weiss
Department of Modern Languages
Colby College
Waterville, Maine

Superlatives From Sarasota

One needs superlatives to describe your issue of May 12. The editorial was both inspiring and thought-provoking. Your cover story on "The Origins of Violence" was fascinating.

As for David Osborne's article on tax reform, that was so newsworthy that I have shown it to innumerable friends who have been worried about the assaults from the right, and who have felt almost helpless against the rhetoric of the fanatics who espouse Proposition 14. Now we realize that coalitions of honest citizens can fight back for genuine tax reforms. It is high time that the brutal inequities of the present system were rectified.

Bernard Forer
Sarasota, Florida

PUZZLES

Literary Crypt No. 134

AXMPLIX FOX BYPS VI BYLKO PQS TYQK, IOPTT ZX SXIEVIX FOX INRTPBN'I IYQK?

—PQQX ABYQFẌ

Wit Twister No. 146

Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash with a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

She, who ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ to
greater things,
Wrings ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ and
scrubs the floor
And, masking her ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
___ ___, still sings
The songs that once he ___ ___ ___ ___
___ ___ ___ her for.

Contributed by Faith Flagg
Beverly Hills, California

Answers next issue

JUNE 23 ANSWERS

Literary Crypt No. 133

The louder he talked of his honour, the faster we counted our spoons.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson

Wit Twister No. 145

pish, hips, ship

Middleton Double-Crostic No. 174

WILLIAM SAFIRE: ON LANGUAGE

"Vulnerable" is what every celebrated or successful woman now wants to be. ... In the vocabulary of image projections, to be "tough," "shrewd," "sassy," "with it," "upfront," and "power-oriented" is O.K.—but to be "vulnerable" is to be invincible.

From *The New York Times Magazine*, Feb. 25, 1979

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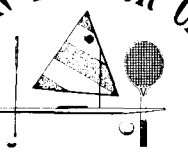

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CITIVIEWS

CITIVIEWS is distributed quarterly to Citicorp investors. It contains viewpoints on timely public issues. We believe the following may be of interest to you...

Pushing a String

A gardener trying to make the grass grow taller in the sparse patches on his lawn by cutting it shorter somewhere else might fairly be told that he doesn't know much about grass. Yet governments, in their persistent effort to control the distribution of credit in American society, repeatedly employ precisely the same method and with equally bad results. The danger of these exercises is that while no lawn is ever improved in this way, its healthy portions may be easily and severely damaged.

All governments, ancient and modern, have at one time or another been seized by an urge to use some form of credit allocation to make credit appear at a time or place where it would not otherwise go.

The problems with political credit allocation are intrinsic to the credit process itself. Credit exists because some people are willing to pay for the use of other people's money, and those others are willing to lend their money because they like to collect rent, in the form of interest, on property for which they have no immediate use. In the market thus created, each participant vigorously pursues his or her own self-interest; lenders, savers, and investors-consumers all try to achieve the highest possible return on their money, after taking due account of the risks, while borrowers strive with equally strong desire to minimize their interest costs. Efforts to allocate credit by government fiat come into conflict with these very human but relentless forces, and so governmental machinery for the allocation of credit never works.

This history of failure has not deterred the Government of the United States from trying repeatedly over the past fifty years to control the flow of credit by specific efforts to favor some borrowers and lenders while penalizing others. By recent count, these sporadic efforts have left us with some 150 laws and major regulations telling us what we may and may not do with our money. The restrictions most frequently encountered by the average citizen are those that limit the interest he can collect on his savings account, and that forbid him to be paid anything at all for the money he keeps in his checking account. Most regulations produce their effects more subtly and less directly, but the effects are pervasive and no one escapes their operation.

History is not lacking in examples from the past. Ever since mercantilism replaced feudalism the temptation to regulate labor, land and money has been irresistible. On May 6, 1795, the justices of Berkshire, England, met at Speenhamland. They set forth a scale of wage subsidies tied to the price of bread, so that a minimum income would be assured to workingmen irrespective of their wages. It was a time of great social distress in England, and the Speenhamland scales were intended as emergency measures. In

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short order, the subsidies spread through most of the country.

"No measure was ever more universally popular," according to the late Dr. Karl Polanyi. "Parents were free of the care of their children, and children no more dependent upon parents; employers would reduce wages at will and laborers were safe from hunger whether they were busy or slack; humanitarians applauded the measure as an act of mercy even though not of justice and the selfish gladly consoled themselves with the thought that though it was merciful at least it was not liberal."

In the long run the result was disastrous. Wage subsidies, paid from public funds, removed the floor from wage levels, which sank steadily until poor relief was preferable to working. The Speenhamland law was repealed in 1834.

There are many parallels in today's society to Speenhamland's attempt to push a string, well intentioned and potentially disastrous to all concerned.

Most citizens are unaware of the provisions of the Credit Control Act of 1969. This singular piece of legislation empowers the federal government to determine which citizens of the United States may borrow money, from whom, and how they are allowed to spend it. Not generally, but specifically and in detail. It arms the President with sweeping authority to license all lenders, register all loans, prohibit credit for purposes deemed inappropriate, prescribe maximum amounts of loans, establish maximum rates of interest, minimum down payments on purchases, and conditions for the repayment of loans. The government has never yet invoked these standby powers. But they are there, and others are now proposed.

The credit allocator's quandary is that, in the final analysis, he cannot hope to control anything unless he controls everything. If mortgage credit is cheap enough, the home owner can enlarge his mortgage and spend the money for anything he chooses, including the purchase of scarce commodities. Or a person can borrow on his or her life insurance at low interest rates set by law, thereby reducing the pool of funds that the insurance company has to invest in bonds and mortgages. To the committed allocationist the final solution is obvious: he must not only control the way our citizens lend or borrow money, but he must also control the way they spend it. And so on and on to price controls and the disasters of Speenhamland all over again.

There may be policy makers who believe this to be in the national interest, but it is doubtful that many citizens will find it to be in theirs.

* * *

A fuller discussion of this topic can be found in Credit Allocation: An Exercise in the Futility of Controls. *Copies of this Citibank study are available from Citicorp, Public Affairs Department, 399 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10043.*

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Long-Range Forecast: Sunny For The Next Millennium

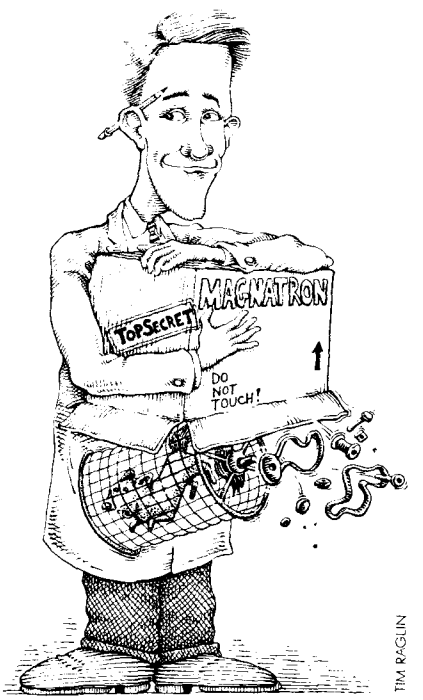
Certain dyspeptic cynics, like the Club of Rome and the Worldwatch Institute, have suggested that the world is going to hell in a handbasket. Running out of resources, aswarm with the unfed, the whole neo-Malthusian number. Well, Herman Kahn will set them straight. "Barring serious bad luck or bad management," writes think-tank fixture Kahn, along with colleague John Phelps, in the June issue of *The Futurist*, "the prospects for achieving eventually a high level of broad worldwide economic affluence and beneficent technology are bright."

By the year 2175 or so, the authors expect per capita income to rise to about $20,000 per capita, in 1979 dollars, with population having long since topped out at 10 billion and gross world product leveling off at a healthy $200 trillion per annum. Still, we'll have to work to get there: The next 25 years, the Epoque of Malaise, may constitute a "somewhat dangerous transition period." But, absent that prickly pair, bad luck and bad management, "almost all of the problems will be dealt with reasonably satisfactorily." Our "problem-prone super-industrial economy" will shift comfortably into a "problem-controlled super-industrial economy," and finally into a "post-industrial society" in which a few technocrats keep things going, and the rest of us, apparently, live the life of Riley.

The article features 26 charts, some of them stretching as far as the year 8000, and is studded with such breathtakingly casual observations as "During the past 10,000 years, many civilizations failed to take off economically." Here indeed we have the long view, far from mere partisanship, serving only the laws of econometrics.

That's the idea, anyway. But when the authors lay some of the blame for those 10,000 years of failure on the fact that "the authorities often confiscated or appropriated the wealth of the rising bourgeoisie," one does hear the echo of capital gains tax relief. And when the computer arrives at 21 reasons why the present gap between the rich and poor nations redounds to the benefit of all, one does conclude that maybe we should get off the multinationals' back and let them generate some wealth. But of course the numbers just come out that way. Anyway, who can kick, with the world heading full tilt toward Cockaigne?

The Little Car That Might



They didn't believe Copernicus. They didn't believe the Wright Brothers. And they don't believe Rory Johnson either. Johnson, who likes to think of himself as just such a great pioneer throttled by orthodoxy, claims to have invented a motor that runs for 100,000 miles on one tank of fuel. But GM hasn't started rummaging through his garbage yet.

The working elements of Johnson's motor, the Magnatron, are deuterium (heavy water) and gallium. Both are readily available waste products, states Johnson, deuterium from nuclear power plants, gallium from refined lead, zinc, copper, and aluminum. The two substances are combined by nuclear fusion (as opposed to the fissioning process of present-day power plants), and shouldn't cost more than $350. The Magnatron motor itself, however, may run to $4,500.

Johnson's contraption hasn't sent much of a shock through the automotive community as yet, primarily because of his unwillingness to share the technique with industry technologists. He feels that the car people would steal his invention or obstruct its progess with "nuisance suits." Instead, Johnson plans to "market my invention to the people" by hiring volunteers to drive 11 Magnatron-equipped cars through every county seat in the country this summer. Johnson claims to have 40,000 volunteer drivers.

He also boasts of 168 patents registered in his name; the Patent Office, however, has no record of any patents, not even one for the Magnatron itself. According to a somewhat splenetic patent officer, "This man hasn't got anything. He's a crackpot, a zero."

Let Them Ride Bikes

A great many deep thinkers have offered solutions to our so-called energy crisis, but none has cut the Gordian knot quite so cleanly as California's Republican Senator S. I. Hayakawa. Volunteering his wisdom to reporters after Governor Jerry Brown had met with President Carter to discuss California's apparent gasoline shortage, Hayakawa suggested that the price of gas be raised to $2 or $3 a gallon in order to induce conservation.

When asked whether this wouldn't lay an undue burden on the poor, Hayakawa replied that "the poor don't need gas because they're not working."

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"Headlights that actually save gas? GEE!"

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And since less power is used, a smaller battery and alternator can be put in the car. (The lighter the car, the more miles per gallon.)

These new headlamps are being put into practical use this year on at least one 1979 auto. And they're planned to be used much more extensively on the 1980 models.

There may be a shortage of fuel in this country today. But thank goodness, as always, there's no shortage of ingenuity.

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EDITORIAL

Lethal Legacy

CONSIDERABLE ATTENTION has been given to the disclosure that nuclear-power plants in the United States have produced an accumulation of more than 81,000 cubic feet of high-level radioactive wastes, which we are keeping, at very great risk, in temporary storage tanks. Far more significant, however, is the fact that the high-level wastes from the manufacture of nuclear explosives in the United States are now in excess of 9.4 million cubic feet, more than 116 times the amount produced by nuclear plants in the act of generating electricity.

Since the same problem exists in varying degrees in every country engaged in the production of nuclear weapons, the total quantity of high-level wastes in the world has reached fiendish proportions. There is no way that that life as it has been known on earth can be sustained once the containers of those wastes crack, since the poisons will retain their killing power for hundreds of thousands of years, whereas the containers themselves have a life expectancy measured in decades or at best centuries.

According to experts, from 3 to 10 nuclear bombs are added to the U.S. stockpile each day. No one contends that being in possession of 28,000 nuclear bombs on a Monday and then 28,010 on a Tuesday has anything to do with American security—or that having 32,000 nuclear bombs by the end of 1979 will make us more secure than we were with 30,000 at the end of 1978. A one-megaton bomb can devastate a major city. There are not enough major cities in the Soviet Union, or in the entire world for that matter, to use up more than a fraction of the American stockpile, even allowing for missed targets or misfires. Nonetheless, our manufacture of weapons continues, as though the sheer accumulation is a virtuous achievement and a matter of national pride. We have somehow been persuaded that we are giving a good account of ourselves to the world and that we are impressing all concerned with our powers. Yet all of us, Americans and Russians and Chinese and all other accumulators of nuclear force, are partners in wrongdoing beyond calculation or restitution.

The force has become a god. Few dare to question it, and even fewer to work against it. We wear it like an emblem. We go to sleep without any burden of guilt for our ravages against the future. No definition of security can possibly accommodate such combined self-delusion and moral default. Nor can ignorance be pleaded as an excuse. The existence of fissionable materials is not a secret. The incompatability between these materials and human health is not, and has not been, privileged information. We can read and write. The mark of an educated man is his ability to understand the connection between cause and effect; yet we have separated the pursuit of force from its consequences. We have failed to distinguish between a war and a holocaust.

No one can demonstrate that the steadily enlarging stockpile of nuclear explosives has corresponding military value; but it can be readily demonstrated that the stockpile will have the specific effect of engaging us in a war against our own children. The radioactive garbage will infect the water tables and the vegetation and will wind through the chain of life in our world, sparing neither human tissue nor human genetic substance.

Representatives of the United States and the Soviet Union have been engaged in negotiations to limit the two societies in creating and amassing weapons of total destruction. But nothing was said in the SALT discussions about the need for the world's two largest producers of radioactive wastes to face up to that problem. Some things, apparently, are not worth talking about.

The people who make the nuclear decisions are not unaware that at some future time the radioactive materials will break loose. But they take refuge in chronological distance. They are telling us that our only obligation is to ourselves and that we are free to place a curse on those who inherit our world. But there is something even worse than that message: Many of us feel comfortable in believing it.

Nuclear force has become the sacred cow that is trampling on everything good in our history.—**N.C.**

"How much for just the frills?"

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Lexical Necrophilia

SUSAN KELZ SPERLING'S *Poplollies and Bellibones: A Celebration of Lost Words*, published by Potter/Crown in 1977, is a logophile's delight. In it, Ms. Sperling has attempted to resurrect a basketful of dead words and to breathe new life into them by using them in various contexts—verses, stories, plays, and essays. It isn't easy to revive an embalmed word, but she has taken a good crack at the task, and the results are entertaining, especially if you enjoy words and wordplay.

As you might expect, some of Ms. Sperling's antiquities are more appealing than others. Some are engagingly onomatopoeic; others, I think, are decidedly contra-onomatopoeic. For instance, "*winx*: to bray, as an ass" (also listed in *The Oxford English Dictionary*). Words for animal sounds—bark, neigh, cackle, chirp, caw, moo, snort, bray, and even low—have at least a slightly imitative character—but *winx*? Small wonder it didn't last.

I'm not surprised that *poplolly* and *bellibone* themselves didn't survive, though with luck, *poplolly* could have made it. A *poplolly* is a little darling, from the Old French *poupelet* or *poupelette*. I think W. C. Fields would have loved calling Mae West, "My little poplolly." *Bellibone*, on the other hand, didn't have a chance. Its etymology is appealing, being an anglicization of *belle et bonne*, and it means "a lovely maiden, a pretty lass." Unfortunately, *bellibone* sounds as though it were related to *bellytimber*, a yeomanly term that means "food, provisions." "You're a perfect bellibone" couldn't possibly serve as a compliment these days.

Though it isn't one of my favorites of Ms. Sperling's old words, *eyethurl* proved interesting. *Thurl* sounded familiar, so I looked for it in *Webster's New International Dictionary II*. A *thurl*, or *thirl*, was a hole; an eyethirl, therefore, was a window or an eyehole. It doesn't take much imagination to go from *eyethirl* to *nosethirl*, and thence to *nostril*.

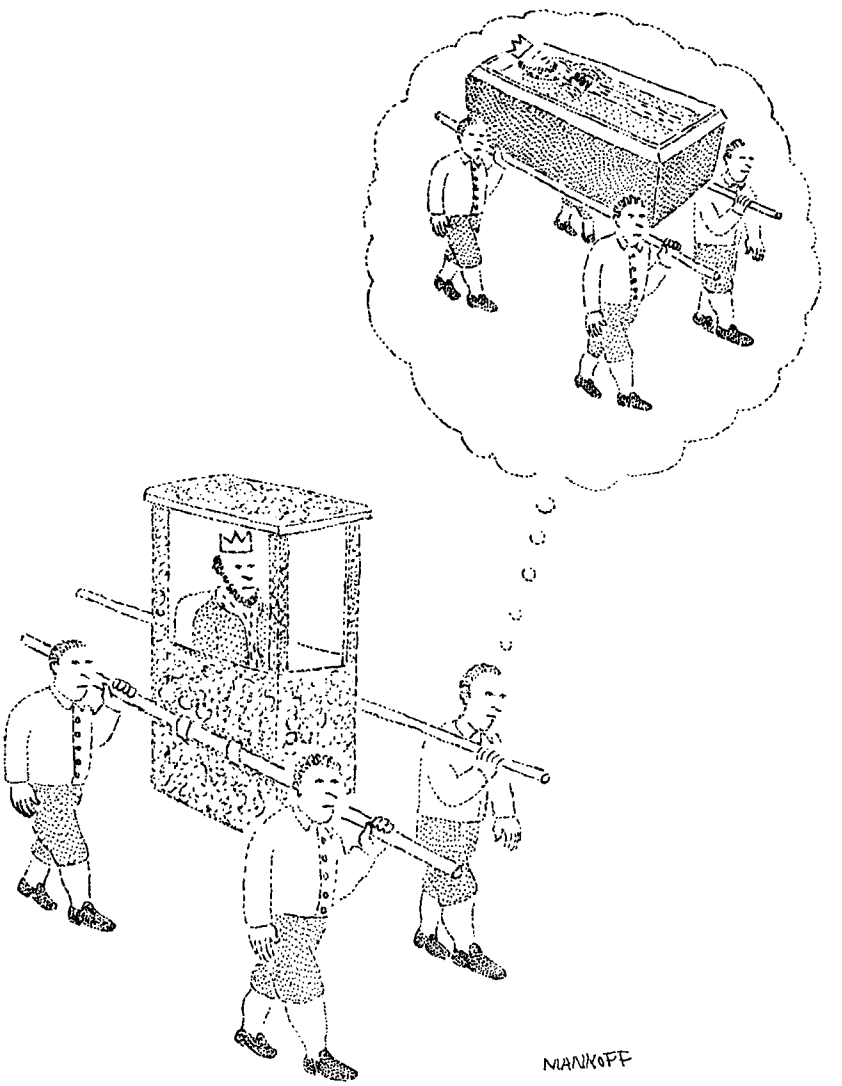
There's one lost word I'd love to see make a comeback: *upsy*, meaning "in the style of." OED cites *upsy Frisian*, *upsy German*, and *upsy Dutch*, saying that *upsy* originally referred to styles of drinking. I'm afraid *upsy* survives only in *upsy-daisy*, with which the original *upsy* probably has no etymological connection. For "in the style of," we'll undoubtedly stay with the old imported *à la*. I'd prefer *upsy*.

Gardyloo is a word logophiles find irresistible. According to Ms. Sperling, *gardyloo* was,"in old Edinburgh, a warning cry before throwing dirty water from windows into the street in the 1770s. From the French *gare l'eau*, 'beware of the water.'" *Gardyloo* is the sort of antique treasure word-lovers like to take out of the attic to breathe on and polish to a new glow. Although the cry of "Gardyloo!" presumably has not been heard for more than 150 years, the word is listed in almost all modern dictionaries. No one wants to let it go, and no wonder. It is a magnificent, high-stepping strutter of a word. It makes the original French *gare l'eau* insipid by comparison. Sir Walter Scott pays it the highest compliment in *The Heart of Midlothian*: "The overwhelming cataract of her questions, which burst forth with the sublimity of a grand gardyloo."

For years, I've wondered about *gardyloo*. Why did it catch on only in Edinburgh? Were Scots the only residents of the British Isles to shout, "Look out for the water!" in French?

Another thing that puzzles me is the omission of the word *gardyloops* from all the dictionaries. Surely such a word existed, although there seems to be no record of it. Nevertheless, it must have been heard with dismaying frequency in old Edinburgh. What cry but "Gardyloops!" could result from the catastrophic misalliance of "Gardyloo!" and "Oops!"?

—Thomas H. Middleton



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Patient, Heal Thyself

WHEN (IF) your doctor deigns to make a house call and sits at your bedside, his fingers reaching for your wrist to check for one minute the regularity of your pulse, do you really think he's counting to 60, or to 30 and multiplying by two in his head? Nonsense.

The picture I get is that of a man of medicine at the end of a strenuous day's work of tending the ill. He sits beside me with a heavy sigh, his shoulders drooping, his eyelids at half mast, for one quiet moment. It's his coffee break. His mind wanders through a maze of nonsequitor sequences....

Let me see ... it's five o'clock ... promised Blanche I'd be home at half past five ... could make it if I didn't have to drive up to the hospital to look in on that pancreas ... wait a minute .... I saw him at noon today ... didn't I? ... sure I did ... Okay, I can make it if I don't call my service ... they'll probably have another house call ... so I won't call 'em ... Hippocratic oath ... but Hippocrates didn't have to contend with double parking ... dollar-a-gallon gasoline ... what a business ... thank God ... only two more weeks to Acapulco ... for a month ... and this year I'll make sure to remember not to drink the water....

"Doctor, excuse me for interrupting your italicized reverie, but how many pulse beats did you count?"

"Your pulse count is normal."

"Is that counting the skipped beats?"

"I felt no skipped beats," he said. "I've told you time and again to stop taking your own pulse. During the 20 years I've been a practicing physician, I've watched you persist in working yourself into a state of neurotic anxiety. I advise you to relax and stop worrying."

"Listen," I replied, "I've been a practicing patient for 30 years—lying here on my bed of neuroses—and not once have you suggested a way I could relax and stop worrying."

"All right. You want me to suggest something? Here it is. Instead of playing doctor and counting your own pulse beat, just recite this: 'It is utterly impossible to overestimate the unimportance of practically everything.' Memorize it, repeat it. Good bye."

A far cry from kindly Doctor Herman Boerhaave of Holland (1668–1738). I happen to know about Dr. Boerhaave because, while sitting in the waiting room of my doctor's office, I read about him in a medical journal.

Doctor Boerhaave, at the age of 16, had graduated in philosophy after defending a thesis on the distinction between mind and body. Then he had turned to medicine with the intention, however, of taking care of both soul and body, simultaneously. You can be sure this foremost diagnostician of his day, philosopher, and teacher, never would have told a patient that he could get well if he just stopped taking his own pulse and relaxed.

The article included an example of Dr. Boerhaave's style of prescribing. I was so overcome by his compassion that I tore out the page in the magazine and still have it. My doctor will never miss it in the clutter of his other outdated magazines: *Lindy Lands in Paris*, *Hitler Wins Third Plebescite*. What follows here is the gentle diagnosis and prescription by Dr. Boerhaave when he was called in for consultation on a case of asthmatic bronchitis:

It is to be feared that by the gentleman's staying so long in cold water (which circumstance should have been mentioned in the description) the Nerves belonging to the Diaphragm had been hurt, and hence so has the Asthma. This disorder is difficult of cure, which is very plain from this consideration, that so strong remedy as those already tryed have done little or no service.

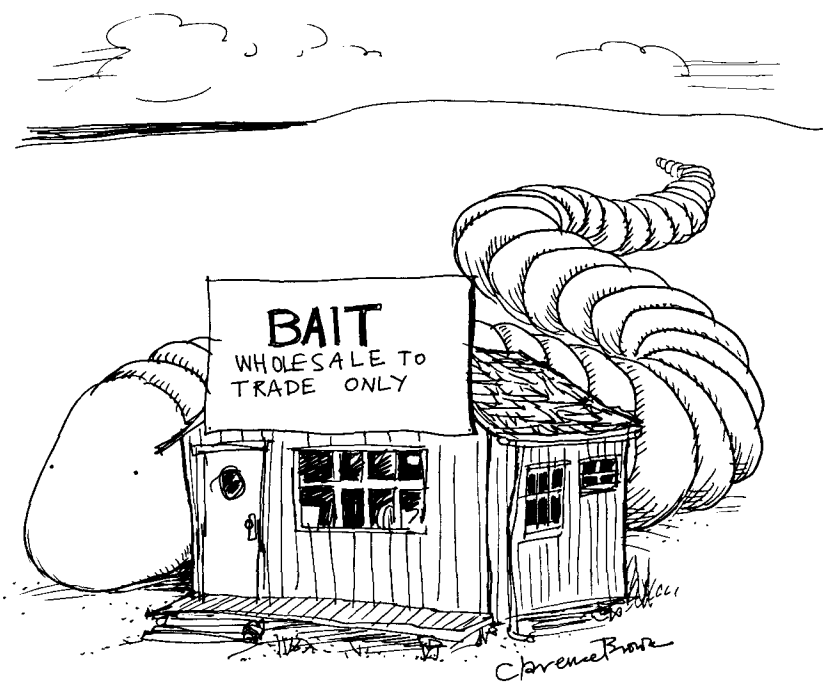
I think the gentleman should try what the excercize of riding might do; but then it must be pretty violent and long continued. I am confident it would be of service and much recommended as the principal remedy in this case. In the meantime, we must join to it what is proper for the Nerves. Let him every three hours swallow three of the pills A, drinking immediately after them two ounces of the medication B. I expect benefits from this course if continued in for three months, and pray God may bless it.

Signed H.B.

Now, 300 years later, plus a few nights ago, I neglected to "close cover before striking match," and so burned two fingers belonging to my Right Hand, a disorder so difficult of cure that hence I had the Shakes because of the hurt Nerves. Instead of calling my doctor, I used a tryed and true remedy he had once prescribed, but it was of no service. The next morning, I realized I had forgotten to pray God may bless the Unguentine, which I hence did, and finished my sleep in comfort.

So you see, it's like I said, "Patient, heal thyself." With, of course, the help of Youknowwhom.

—Goodman Ace



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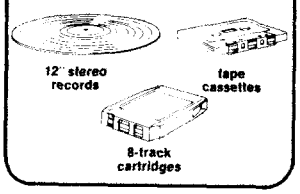

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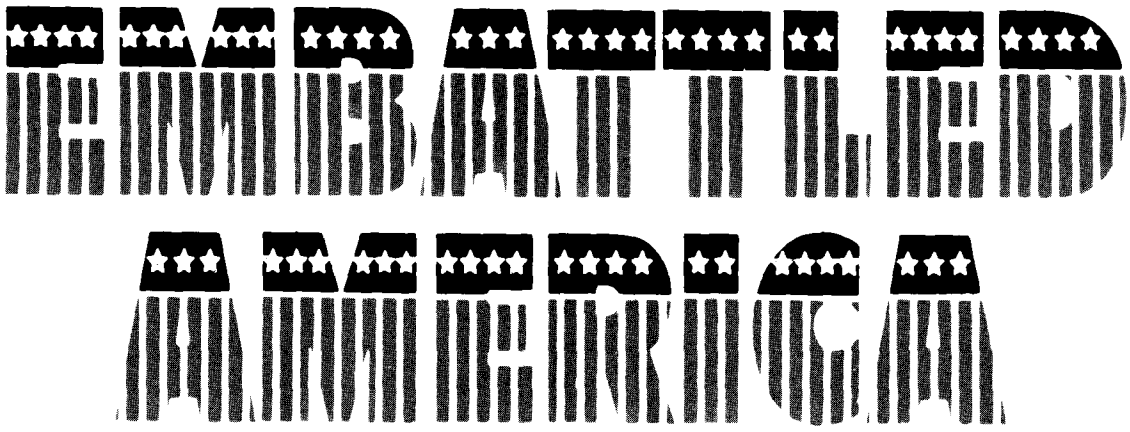

THE STRUGGLE FOR GLOBAL MARKETS

The news that the United States is no longer at the center of the economic cosmos has produced as much anxiety as the displacement of the earth itself from that position. Other nations now make things not only more cheaply than we do, but better. In the following special section, *Saturday Review* seeks to explain this unsettling phenomenon, offering possible solutions as well as pointing out a striking exception. A group of prominent economists, politicians, and businessmen also offer their own analyses and nostrums.

WHERE DID WE GO WRONG?

by Lester Thurow

AS AMERICANS ACROSS the country fume behind their steering wheels while waiting for their dole of gasoline, they might while away some of the tedious hours by pondering the circumstances that have brought their proud country low. Since the United States became the world's leading industrial power around the turn of the century, we have felt immune to international economic events, secure in the knowledge that we could call the world's tune if we so desired. This state of bliss continued with little interruption right up through 1974—when a few Arab sheiks shattered our dream by quadrupling the price of oil. Today a distant revolution in Iran, and the decisions of those same sheiks, has made us relive that painful period.

But the feeling that we are no longer king of the economic jungle hardly stops with our energy problems: Headlines relentlessly call our attention to the falling dollar, the balance-of-payments problem, the decline of productivity. Our vaunted technological leadership has given way to the Japanese and Europeans. And our lofty standard of living is being surpassed by that of a number of industrialized countries, none of whom enjoys the great natural wealth of the Persian Gulf nations. Switzerland's per capita GNP exceeds our own by 45 percent, while we have also fallen behind Denmark, West Germany, and Sweden. The world's economic pacesetter, Japan, is advancing rapidly with a per capita GNP only 7 percent less than our own.

Although some economists argue that our lower consumer costs actually give us a slight edge in standard of living over our competitors, everyone agrees that they are catching up. This may not be wholly undesirable. Most rich people find it more comfortable to live in a neighborhood with other rich people. The tensions are less and life is more enjoyable. What is not so comfortable is the prospect of our rich neighbors leaving us in the dust of relative backwardness.

Worried by this catching-up process, we have sought solace in the belief that our competitors would stop growing as soon as they had reached our level. They had started later and adopted technologies that we had perfected; developing their own would prove more difficult. But as whole countries have approached our level of productivity, and some of their industries exceeded it, the "catching-up" theory has come to look less and less plausible.

Between 1972 and 1978 industrial productivity rose over 5 percent in Japan, slightly less than 4 percent in West Germany—and 1 percent in the United States. In many industries, such as steel, we are now the ones with the "easy" task of adopting someone else's technology. But instead of meeting the competitive challenge, our steel industry complains about unfair competition and runs to the government for protection.

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It competes not by junking its obsolete technology but by rigging up a "trigger pricing" system that prevents the Japanese, and others, from selling steel at a competitive price. American consumers wind up paying more for steel products, while our economy grows weaker. Our steel industry, meanwhile, now depends upon the sort of government assistance which American businessmen resent in foreign nations.

ECONOMISTS MEASURE THE dynamism of any economy by the rate of growth of its productivity, a yardstick which measures not only the manufacture of old products but the introduction of new ones. Although global productivity is generally sluggish, the most dramatic slowdown has occurred in the U.S. The productivity of the private business economy grew 3.2 percent annually from 1948 to 1965, 2.3 percent annually from 1965 to 1972, and 1.1 percent annually from 1972–78. Since figures such as these are generally cited to explain our slipping international position, it is important to understand what they mean.

The business press, and businessmen generally, have a ready answer. They blame falling expenditures for research and development and plant and equipment, as a prelude to arguing for special tax breaks and government subsidies in order to give a boost to investment. Besides being self-serving, this argument is wrong or, at least incomplete.

Though R and D expenditures have decreased—from slightly less than 3 percent of the GNP at the opening of the decade to slightly less than 2 percent at the end—the drop in productivity started well in advance of this decline. In any case, a change in such investment takes a long time to work its way through the economy: Lower R and D expenditures may cause economic problems in the 1980s, but not now. Plant and equipment investment, on the other hand, increased 9.7 percent annually in the period from 1948 to 1965, but 10.2 percent annually between 1965 and 1972 and again between 1972 and 1978. Many businessmen and economists argue that some of these funds have been "misinvested" in health, safety, and environmental protection; but there has been no shortage of investment.

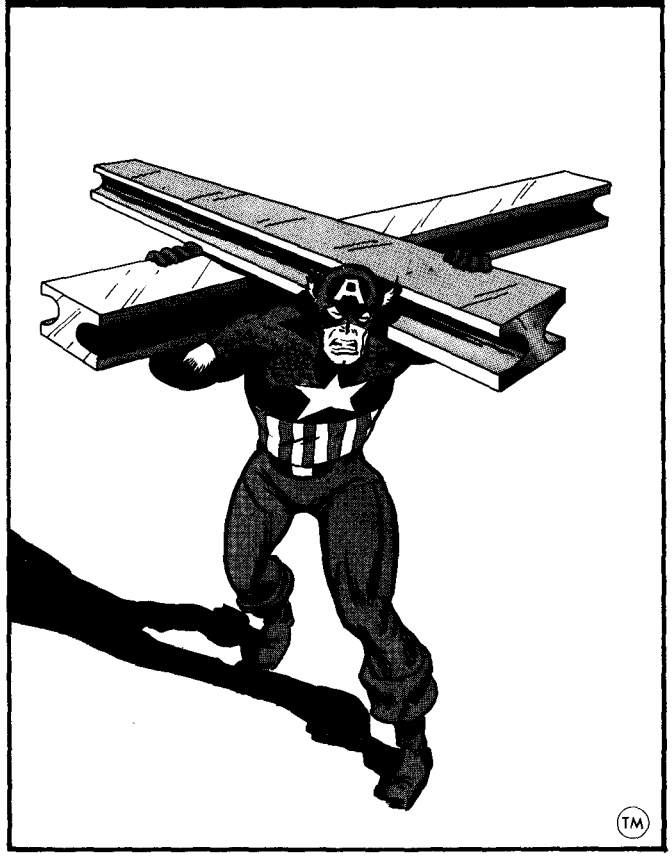
If these popular bogies are not responsible for our economic decline, what then are the causes? There are three: 1) a strong increase in the relative demand for low-productivity services; 2) a deliberate decision not to use all our available capital and labor; and 3) particular problems in mining, construction, and energy.

Close to half of the decline may be traced to a change in what we choose to buy. Soon after World War II we began shifting out of low-productivity industries—principally agriculture—into high-productivity industries, like computers and communications. But now the process has been reversed. We are investing instead in the lower-productivity service sector—advertising, consulting, health care (responsible for 43 percent of the increase), and the like. Between 1972 and 1977, services absorbed 47 percent of the new man-hours added to the economy. And since service productivity is 39 percent below that of the whole economy, every worker added to the service sector subtracts from average productivity.

A simple example shows the problems with expanding the service economy. The number of security guards has grown by 300,000 since 1972. They may perform a valuable service, but they are pure negative productivity, protecting old goods and services rather than producing new ones. They expand the labor force without adding to production. American consumers are simply choosing to purchase something that drives productivity down.

Another quarter or so of our decline is the inevitable result of our anti-inflation policies. Despite the ballyhoo that accompanied the Humphrey-Hawkins full-employment bill, our economic planners simply do not believe that we can afford to use all of our resources of men and machines. Wage demands

Our steel-makers complain of unfair competition, and seek protection, instead of modernizing technology.



are supposed to be moderated by the presence of a large pool—6 percent, at present—of unemployed workers. Slower wage increases, in turn, help keep prices down, as well as damping down total demand. But this policy, besides keeping people on the welfare rolls, lowers productivity. Machinery is idled; and since workers not directly involved with production aren't fired, production is cut back more than labor, thus further adding to the decline. Only by a change in inflation-fighting policy—and by a dedication to full employment that is more than rhetorical—can we solve this aspect of the productivity problem.

The remainder of the problem lies in mining, construction, and electrical, gas, and sanitary utilities. Utility productivity growth is only one-third what it was five years ago, for the simple reason that the apparently insatiable demand for electricity has practically come to a halt. Productivity only grows in the utility industry when output is growing. Mining productivity is down (23 percent) because of new health, safety, and environmental regulations, which require more man-hours of work per unit of output. Construction productivity is down (19 percent), because we are no longer building massive housing projects and brand-new factories. Thus the industry is unable to take advantage of the economies of scale implicit in mass production.

But it is easier to explain the problem than to solve it. We have yet to discover a method of conquering inflation while operating at full employment. Rejuvenating high-productivity industries by buying products that we do not want will not raise our standard of living. Energy growth is down because prices are up, and they may rise even faster in the future. No one wants to work in unsafe mines or live next to them if they constitute health hazards. We could increase construction

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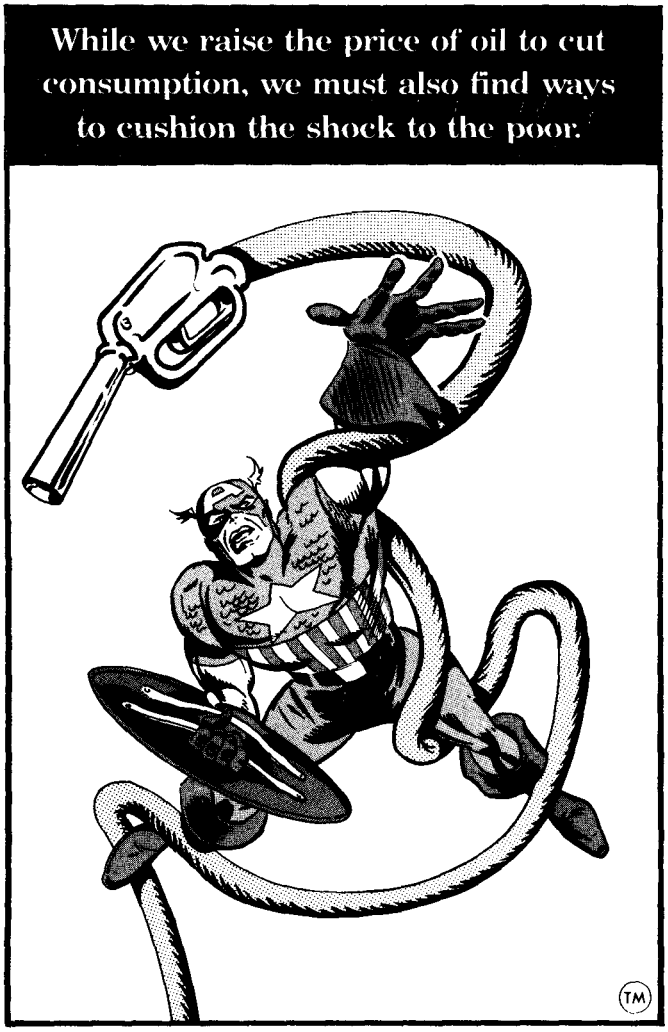

productivity by living in identical houses and shopping in identical stores. But who wants to do that?

One of the major consequences of this productivity failure is that many of our export goods are too expensive to compete successfully in the world marketplace. We have allowed the dollar to fall in order to remedy this problem, as well as to prevent imports from driving American producers out of business. Combined with a generally lower productivity growth, the result is a falling standard of living. The consequences of this drop are serious, but a long history of plenty has probably led us to exaggerate them.

How will Americans react when it becomes obvious to the casual tourist (foreigners here; Americans there) that our economy is falling behind? Environmental enthusiasts advocate a zero economic growth policy; but most Americans, long accustomed to expansion, can be expected to look askance on such a suggestion. No one likes to see others with a living standard which he cannot afford, a circumstance which would soon become obvious as our industrial neighbors forged ahead. If history is any guide, the widening of the gap will lead to more revolutionary demands for change.

One possible reaction to this loss of dominance might be mimicry of the Soviets, who have maintained their military machine and political influence at the cost of their economic prosperity. To do so, however, we would have to shift some of the economic burdens to our wealthy allies, permitting them, in turn, to make more of the same important decisions.

Some of the gravest consequences of our lower station in the world may come not from real events, but from our government's attempt to repress their symptoms. Here the British have written the book. British governments spent decades refusing to let the pound fall in tandem with productivity; to do so was to surrender "big power" status. But sustaining the pound at an artificially high level made exports difficult and imports easy. Britain thus lost much of its industrial base, while missing out on the export boom that aided the rest of Europe after World War II. Their living standard fell to one of the lowest in Europe. To this sad history one may attach the moral, "Don't declare a war (economic or military) that you can't win." If relative productivity is falling, no currency can be defended in the long run. The successful defense of the dollar initiated by the Carter administration in late 1978 thus provides little consolation; the British also enjoyed short-run successes, but we can only expect their ultimate fate if we continue to defend the dollar.

WHAT, THEN, ARE THE real cures? Conservatives favor "liberating free enterprise": Reduce social expenditures, restructure taxes to encourage savings and investment (that is, shift the tax burden from those who save—the rich—to those who consume—the poor), and eliminate government regulations which restrain business. This camp argues that the capital gains taxes that were reduced last year should be trimmed once again; the "double" taxation of dividends should be ended; income transfer payments to the poor and elderly should be frozen; and environmentalism should be diminished or dismissed as an intolerable burden on the economy. Personal initiative should be unfettered: Only by returning to the virtues of hard work and free enterprise can the economy be saved.

Advocates of this policy rarely recall that none of our competitors became successful through such acts of "liberation." Government absorbs slightly over 30 percent of the GNP in the U.S., but over 50 percent in West Germany. Fifteen countries collect more taxes, expressed as a fraction of the GNP, than we do. West German union leaders must by law sit on corporate boards. The planned economy of Japan makes our own look like rugged free enterprise. We enjoy, if that is the word, 50 percent greater inequality in the distribution of income than Japan, and 36 percent more than West Germany. Our economy is not the most regulated, but probably the least. Nowhere in the world it is easier to fire labor. We have grown faster since the New Deal, and its government regulatory agencies, than before. We are not doing worse than we have in the past; the rest of the world is simply doing better.

Any real solution to the problem must be more complex than "liberating free enterprise," though some liberation might prove healthy. Above all we must 1) improve the process of investment and disinvestment; 2) gain freer trade in agriculture; and 3) sharply reduce energy imports.

While a decline in investment did not cause our current problems, an increase might help with the cure. The trick is to do this without shifting the tax burden from the rich to the poor. The easiest solution would be to abolish the corporate income tax and combine corporate and personal income. Thus the individual shareholder would pay personal taxes on all income (retained or paid out) earned on his or her behalf. At the end of the year, shareholders would get the equivalent of a W-2 form telling them how much income to add to their other income and how much tax had been withheld.

Since corporations would be blessed with twice as much available capital as before, managers would have a strong incentive to increase investments. At the same time, the income tax rate would become more progressive, since each shareholder would pay a sum reflecting his total income.

This proposal has not met with uniform applause. Most people confuse a corporate tax with a tax on the rich, forgetting that its costs are passed on in the form of higher prices for corporate goods and services. Very wealthy stockholders, whose income tax exceeds the 46 percent corporate tax, would lose out on such a deal. Corporate managers are wary of paying out more dividends, as well as increasing their dependence on the capital market's evaluation of their plans. But

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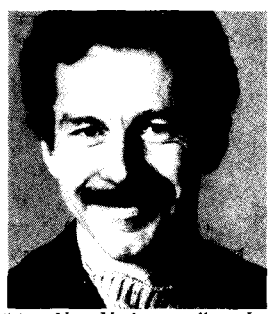

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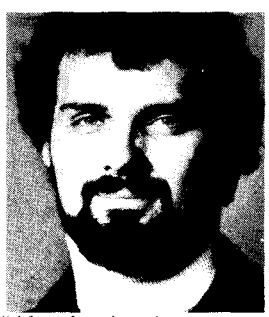

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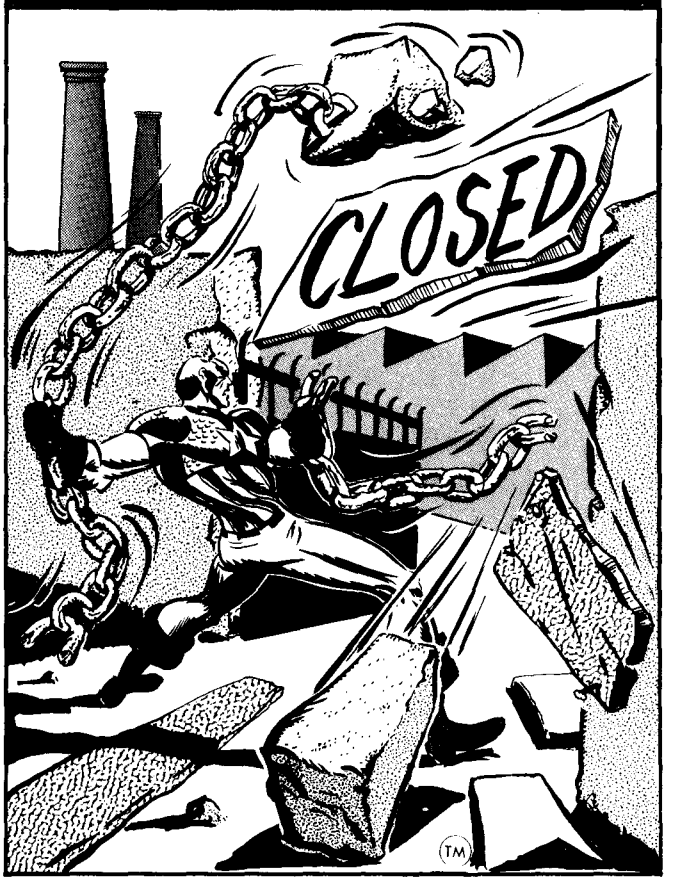

eliminating the corporate income tax will stimulate investment without making the tax structure more regressive.

While more investment is important, so is faster, and better coordinated, disinvestment. If we are to marshall the resources, in capital and labor, to expand our high-productivity industries, we must find ways of easing out of low-productivity industries both rapidly and as painlessly as possible. Here again we are far behind the Japanese, who have a deliberate national policy of getting out of the "sunset" industries and into the "sunrise" industries.

One crucial element in this process is abandoning our protection of inefficient industries. In the past two years we have thrown a protective screen around the steel industry, while stiffening the barriers guarding the textile industry. We can no longer afford such mothballing techniques, which merely prolong the inevitable decay of these sectors. If "liberating free enterprise" means, for example, ending protection and removing the antiquated rules and regulations that dominate the transportation business, then we need a dose of liberation.

While we do not need planning in the sense of some central authority making all economic decisions, we may need the national equivalent of a corporate investment committee to allocate funds to large projects such as energy independence, and to more rapidly direct capital from the sunset to the sunrise industries like the Japanese.

We must also push for freer trade in agricultural products. We remain the world leader in agricultural exports, and our productivity in that sector is increasing at the brisk clip of 6.4 percent a year. But agriculture is the one industry that everyone, ourselves included, protects the most. The U.S. effectively provides the world with whatever it cannot produce. Operating behind high-price supports, Common Market farmers produce as much as they can. If crops are bad, the Common Market is a massive agricultural importer. If crops are normal, the Common Market is a large importer. And if crops are very good, the Common Market subsidizes exports. This subjects us to sudden changes in price and demand, as well as depriving us of a major export market.

In order to get a larger slice of the European or Japanese agricultural market, we will have to forego our own protection (cheese, processed meats, sugar, etc.) and get tough with our allies. The Tokyo round of trade negotiations, now awaiting congressional approval, produced progress so minute as not even to constitute the first step on a very long march. Any future trade negotiations that do not make headway on this point should be rejected. If necessary, we should even retaliate for this obstruction by limiting the access of others to our markets for manufactured goods.

Besides these steps necessary to improve our productivity, we must act to cut energy imports. There is nothing wrong with importing energy, but we should not encourage it with subsidies. Our price regulation system permits the consumer to think that he is paying less for foreign oil than it actually costs. Cheap domestic oil is combined with expensive foreign oil and sold at the average of the two. The consumer sees a price for oil which is less than the country has to pay. While we raise the price to reflect full costs, we must also find ways to cushion the shock to the poor, who already pay a far higher proportion of their income for oil products than do the better-off. We may have come to the time when we should imitate the Europeans and Japanese by pricing gasoline far above its costs. In those countries, a $1.50 per gallon tax is often added to the $1 per gallon gasoline.

American multinationals have come in for much of the blame for our decline. As with most concerns, the worry is greatest after the problem has passed its peak. Our multinationals undoubtedly moved production abroad more rapidly than they would have had they been barred from owning foreign facilities. But the multinational's day in the sun is already over. Multinationals need low wages, stable governments, and educated labor forces to establish facilities that will compete with those that should be in the U.S. In Europe, low wages are already gone. And they are rapidly disappearing in those parts of Asia (Korea, Taiwan, Hong Kong, Singapore) that have stable governments and an educated labor force. Although we can expect plenty of low-wage countries to be around for a long time, most of these will prove attractive only for the sort of low-productivity industries which we should be avoiding. A national investment committee might also be able to force disinvestment at a faster pace by reducing the access of declining industries to the capital market.

Foreign multinationals, which have been arousing in Americans the kind of hysteria generally associated with an abject race about to be conquered, may be expected to contribute to our recovery in the future. Relatively lower wages in this country have attracted an increasing number of such firms. Though their significance has been exaggerated they do serve to speed up the transmission of industrial knowledge. A company like Michelin, for example, contributes information about radial tires that we do not seem to possess.

What all of the foregoing should indicate is that, despite a great deal of weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth, the decline and fall of our economy is by no means inevitable. Perhaps our former height was so great that we are still stunned by the drop. But in this period of national economic self-flagellation, it is important to remember that no one inherited more wealth or has a potentially stronger or more diversified economy than we. If decline we must, the fault, dear Brutus, lies within us and not within thee.

Lester Thurow is a professor of economics at MIT. His most recent book is Generating Inequality: Mechanisms of Distribution in the U.S. Economy.

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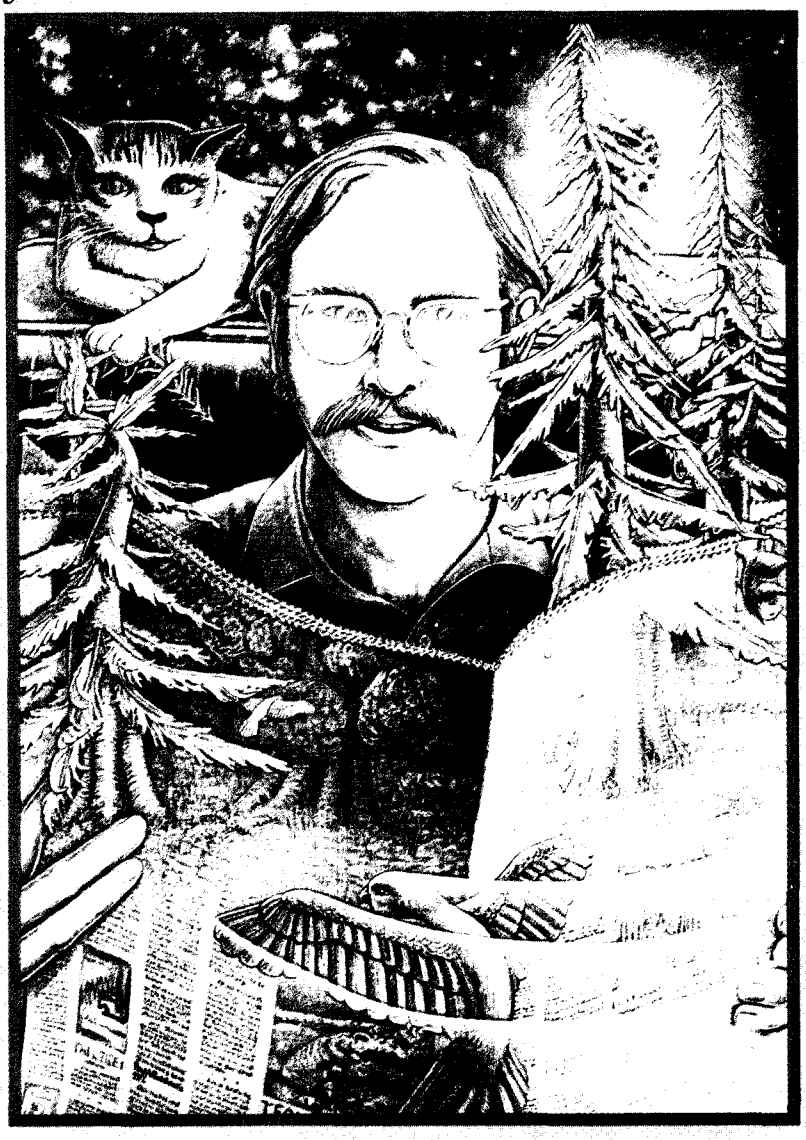
What do you see when you look at your newspaper?



It depends on your point-of-view.

You might see a timely source of useful information, jobs for many people, or the short-lived ghost of a once-proud tree.

We see these things, and more. We see a big part of a business our employees and shareholders depend on. We're one of the world's leading suppliers of paper products.

We also see the trees that stand behind these products, and we strive to manage them in a way that reconciles your viewpoints, so that we can provide satisfactory jobs, products, profits and thriving trees.

If we succeed, everybody wins. Reason enough to try, don't you think?

Boise Cascade Corporation
A company worth looking at.

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DOES AMERICA MAKE THE BEST OF ANYTHING ANYMORE?

by John Mariani

ONE OF THE best commercials on television shows a noble bald eagle gliding in slow motion over the American landscape. Its broad, strong wings flutter gracefully in the wind. There is no metaphor to match its own glory. Then, in voice-over, we hear, "In recent times, the art of looking up has become in danger of being replaced by an opposing view. A view that is filled with shortcuts, but devoid of dreams. A view where progress is worshipped while standards are ignored. A view that has not only endangered our environment, but ourselves as well." (There is a swelling of French horns next.) "We believe it's time to lift our heads again. At Whirlpool we feel that our commitment has to start with pride. Pride in our craftsmanship. It's this simple: If any of our appliances don't meet our standards, we don't sell them."

It's not an entirely inspiring ad. There is a strong suggestion that Americans no longer expect American products to be very well made, and corporations like Whirlpool feel a distinct need to dispel such notions. Consumers seem resigned to buying shoddy merchandise with built-in planned obsolescence. Our trade deficit indicates that foreign-made goods are preferred for both price *and* quality. Labor negotiations in this country are enflamed by decreasing worker productivity and increasing absenteeism.

Nevertheless, European and Asian companies are buying up American corporations and factories as if we ran sophisticated sweat shops. Volkswagen Rabbits are made in Pennsylvania in a factory abandoned by Chrysler. Honda will soon be making motorcycles in Ohio. And the Soviet Union has awarded a contract to a Youngstown, Ohio, aviation company to build a medium-range transport plane called the Yak-40.

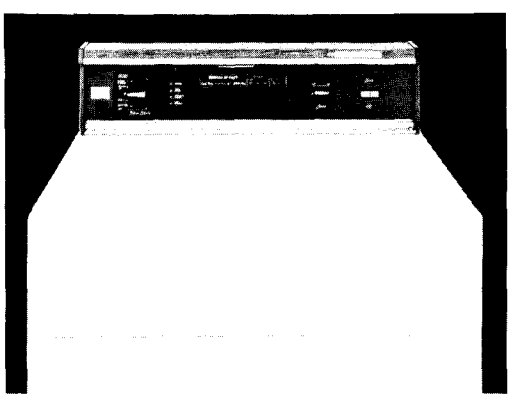
These acquisitions are not the result of foreigners' belief that America can make the best products in the world, but, rather, that we *may* still be accomplished technologists and turn out mediocre products rather efficiently. The foreigners seem to be saying, "We shall teach you to be efficient."

Have we in fact compromised our standards and ideals? Does anyone care to make the very best of anything anymore? We have traditionally been a nation of tinkers: our models are Ben Franklin, Tom Edison, Henry Ford. While Marie Curie researched the mysteries of radium, the Wright Brothers were figuring out how a machine could fly. When Sir William Ramsay won the Nobel Prize for his research on inert gases in air, Henry Ford was cranking up his assembly line. Yet, later in this present century, Americans excelled at both the theoretical and the practical sciences. We were proud of our achievements. When the Japanese cut us off from our rubber supply in World War II, we invented substitutes. If we needed long-range bombers and bomb sights, we invented and built—almost overnight—the best in the world. Embarrassed by Sputnik, American scientists developed an aerospace technology that surprised even themselves.

But now the question nags us: Do we still make the best of anything in the world anymore? How does it happen that Firestone's recall of its radial tires will cost the company $233 million? How is it that Ford can produce a Pinto automobile that could explode if hit in the rear? Why is it that the Japanese totally dominate the radio, CB, and tape recorder markets in this country? How have the clothing and shoe companies in America priced themselves out of competition with Europe and Asia so that blue denim produced here is sent abroad to be sewn into jeans that are sent back here to be sold to Americans?

Obviously we still do make the best washing machines and other appliances not yet necessities to the rest of the world. And anyone who has ever been abroad will vouch for the superiority of American toilet paper. But in other important categories—where it is not simply a question of taste or opinion—how does America stack up?

In order to see just how good our products are in the worldwide market, I contacted authorities, organizations, and sources who could objectively and with a thorough knowledge of the subject comment about America's excellence or lack of it in manufacturing certain products.



America still makes the best washing machines.

Our toilet paper is superior.

American jeans are in a class by themselves.

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I did not include any category on which there is no empirical evidence—wine, movies, clothing design, and so on. Some products, like jogging shoes and firearms, do not lend themselves to definitive comparison. Other categories, like electric hamburger makers, are too American to bear comparison with sometimes nonexistent European or Asian counterparts.

Here then is a list of products and technologies in which comparisons tell us how America is doing in competition with the rest of the world.

★ AUTOMOBILES ★

There is no question that the U.S. *could* make the world's finest cars, but, for reasons of profit return, we do not. Detroit is turning out better and better cars all the time, with the Buick Riviera and Cadillac Eldorado leading the way. But we are behind in front-wheel-drive vehicles, although the new Omni and Horizon are highly regarded. Mike Knepper, executive editor of *Car and Driver*, says, "Detroit is finally building cars we enthusiasts have urged for 20 years, smaller with better fuel economy."

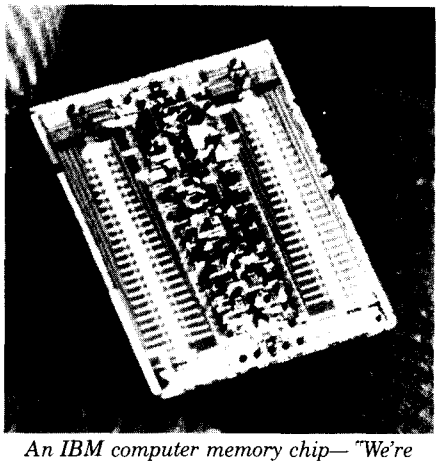
Nevertheless the consensus is overwhelming that the Germans still build the world's finest automobiles, and the Mercedes-Benz is generally considered the top of the assembly line in quality control. And in almost every category—large cars, compacts, subcompacts—the repair record of European and Japanese autos is better than their American counterparts. *Consumer Reports* records indicate that Mercedes, Datsun, Honda, Toyota, and Subaru tend to break down less than their U.S. competitors (the Ford LTD and Mercury Monterey score high too).

When it comes to racing cars, the Europeans hold the edge. According to ex-racer Tony Hogg, now editor of *Road & Track*, one-third of the cars run at Indianapolis are built in England, and half of the engines are. And in Grand Prix racing the English are still preeminent, although, Hogg points out, there are so many categories of racing, it is difficult to get an overall picture. "Obviously, all stock cars are American," he says.

When John DeLorean resigned his vice-presidency at General Motors, he went to Ireland to build a luxury sports car called the DMC-12, a gull-winged beauty designed to get 32 miles per gallon and last for 25 years. DeLorean chose Ireland rather than America because he says the Irish workers have a better attendance record and will work for one-third the U.S. employee wages.

★ COMPUTER TECHNOLOGY ★

This was once an exclusively American field of design and engineering, but the Japanese have had astounding success in catching up. "We are still first in computers," says William Hawkins, electronics editor at *Popular Science*. "And this is not likely to change soon. We design and do much of the most creative thinking in the field. We will design the computer chips, but the actual assembly of them is often done in Hong Kong and the Orient." Len Lazar, vice-president of engineering for the General Digital Company, contends, "We are still ahead in microelectric know-how, but the Japanese are catching up and may overtake us within five to 10 years." Gurney Williams, science-engineering editor at *Popular Mechanics*, feels that "no home computer under $1,000 can touch the Apple II, which is made in California."



An IBM computer memory chip— "We're still first in computers."

Computer technology is a highly competitive business and a very secretive one. In an attempt to pick the brains of U.S. technicians, Nippon Electric of Japan just bought Electronic Arrays, a California-based semiconductor company, a move that gives them direct access to U.S. computer technology.

★ ELECTRONICS ★

All authorities agree that America is far, far ahead in designing integrated circuits, but in consumer electronic equipment, the Japanese have come up with the best overall products. "At the real high end of very expensive custom hi-fi and stereo, the U.S. makes the finest components," says *Radio-Electronics* editor Larry Steckler. "Thousand-dollar turntables, $1,500 cartridges, $1,500 CB radios, and Advent TV screens are U.S. made. But the Japanese dominate."

The Sony Trinitron TV picture tube is judged the brightest, although, says Steckler, U.S.-made TVs are often better in reception, and are more easily serviced. Ronald Crow, executive director of the International Society of Certified Electronics Technicians, feels that "Sony made a great breakthrough with its picture tube about four years ago, but both Japan and the U.S. are pretty close to the same standard now."

The Japanese telecast in stereo sound, a system not yet available in the U.S. Not one of the home video-tape systems like Sony's Betamax is made in the U.S. Although RCA pioneered the video disc, those made by Magnavox-Philips come from Europe, and JVC and Matsushita are Japanese.

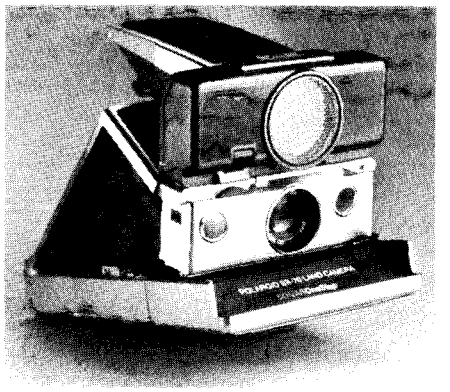
Hi-fi and stereo are a Japanese stronghold. None of the AM/FM radios sold in the U.S. are made here. Even General Electric's radios are made in the Orient. CB radios are a Japanese market, as are tape recorders (again GE's microcassette tape recorder is made in Japan). Hi-fi stereo accessories—especially the recording tape itself—are still well made in America and valued abroad.

★ PHOTOGRAPHIC EQUIPMENT ★

In certain categories the U.S. has no competition in the field of photographics: Kodak film is considered without peer; the Polaroid SX-70 has no rivals whatsoever; the Deardorff studio camera is still one of the finest professional instruments in use today.

But when it comes to 35mm cameras, America hasn't even entered the arena. There simply are no single-lens reflex cameras made in the U.S. Photography editor of *Popular Science* Everett H. Ortner says that "Four-fifths of the professional photographers use Nikons and the others Leicas or Canons." Michele Frank, product testing editor for *Popular Photography*, explains that, "Thirty-five millimeter cameras are very labor-intensive products—lots of handwork, soldering. I recently spent time in Japan talking to the manufacturers there and they told me they were thinking of starting factories in America, but they're worried about whether American workers are facile enough and reliable enough to keep their standards up."

When it comes to movie-camera equipment, Ms. Frank feels that Germany turns out the most sophisticated Super 8 cameras. For professional use in Hollywood and in the world of feature films, two cameras dominate: Arriflex (made in Germany) and Panaflex (made in California). The Arriflex is used for hand-held work, whereas the Panaflex is considered the best all-around camera



Polaroid's SX-70 Land Camera—"No rivals."

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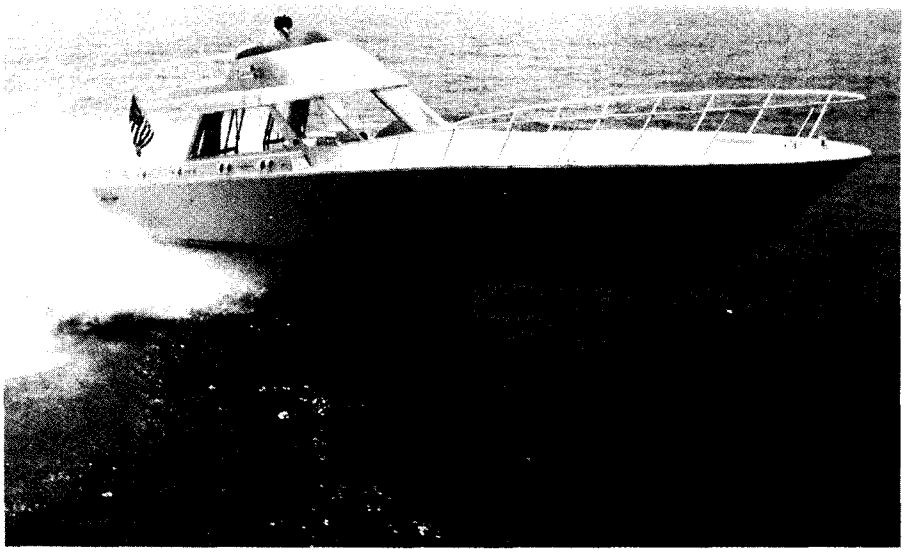

Magnum 53-foot cruiser-"In design and construction of power boats, America's the best."

in the world. "At the moment it seems to have satisfied all of a cinematographer's needs," says Victor Kemper (cinematographer on *Dog Day Afternoon*, *The Candidate*, *The Eyes of Laura Mars*, *The Last Tycoon*, and 20 other films), "and nine out of 10 directors of photography would agree with me. As for film stock, Kodak makes the best without question. No other mass-produced negative has the quality control of Kodak."

★ MEDICAL TECHNOLOGY ★

According to Dr. Murray Eden, chief of the biomedical engineering and instrumentation branch of the National Institutes of Health, "Most of the advanced medical technology is being done outside of the United States. The electron microscopes, the electron probes, the CAT [Computerized Axial Tomography] scanner are made abroad. Computer technology in medicine is an exception: the United States does well in that area, and we are competitive in automated clinical testing technology. Many U.S. companies will not get into the development of an expensive technology unless there is a profit in it, and there is very little money in device development."

Still, America has the largest numbers of engineers in biomedicine.

★ ARMS AND ARMAMENT ★

This is a very difficult category to assess in terms of what is the best-made product in the world, but the *Jane's* series of reference volumes makes several criticisms of U.S. weaponry. J.W.R. Taylor, editor of *Jane's All the World's Aircraft*, writes, "The picture is not entirely inspiring." ... Americans have become "overconfident" about their engineering design and technology. Our bomber force is ancient. Says Taylor, "The U.S. Air Force has to continue defending its homeland with 20-year-old fighters and to devise ways of penetrating the world's most formidable air defense system with a type of bomber (B-52 Superfortress) that entered service 23 years ago and is expected to go on flying as the spearhead of America's strategic attack force for another 22 years." Taylor also criticizes President Carter's cancellation of the B-1 bomber as a potentially "suicidal decision." The Russians have the TU-26 Backfire bomber, capable of speeds over Mach 2.5 and a range of 6,000 miles. Great Britain produces the world's only operational vertical/short take-off and landing strike fighter, the Harrier BAe.

In the fighter sweepstakes America's F111 and F-15 compare very well with the Russians' fighters and the French Mirage, but just recently the U.S. Air Force placed speed restrictions on the F-15 after five of the fighters crashed in eight months, two within 10 days.

The U.S. is ahead of the USSR in developing the cruise missile, but in the more exotic forms of weaponry the United States may be trailing. Major General George Keegan, former head of U.S. Air Force Intelligence, said the Russians may be 20 years ahead of America in developing a charged particle beam weapon used to neutralize ballistic missile systems.

★ BOATING ★

American shipbuilders have a proud tradition, but in the maritime stakes, America is far behind many other countries in both tankers and cargo vessel construction.

In powerboating, however, including sport boats and racers, U.S. manufacturers make the best in design, construction, and engines. Ocean racing is dominated by American boats, and when wealthy Europeans and Arabs go looking for boats, they often buy American, according to *Boating's* technical editor, Larry Kean.

At the proudest levels of shipbuilding, America is right up there with the rest of the world. Tony Gibbs, editor of *Yachting* magazine, says that the U.S. competes very favorably in what is called the "sex boat" category of exotic, expensive yachts. "One Saudi Arabian ordered the largest power yacht in the world—243 feet—from Holland," says Gibbs. "The son of the sheik of Kuwait ordered his 53-foot power cruiser from Magnum in Miami. Holland is very good at building very large yachts, and the U.S. is excellent in the medium range—70 to 90 feet. The Italians build luxury power yachts—Riva is one of the best, but of the four or five builders of fine sailboats, two or three are in America. When it comes to outboards and their engines, America is definitely the best in the world," he concluded.

★ CLOTHING ★

The world may still look to Paris for fashion, but when it comes to making the finest, best crafted, and impeccably tailored clothes, the United States is rarely mentioned in the same breath with Europe. According to Jackie Hayman, who has been a buyer for Ann Taylor Sportswear, Cygne, B. Altman and Co., and Franklin Simon, "America makes work clothes and jeans of a very high standard. We have the best mediocre clothes in the world. But the standard of workmanship in fine clothes is much higher in Italy and France for women's clothes. And the return in quality for cost is far higher in Europe."

When asked who makes the world's finest men's wear, Gene Pressman, a principal owner of Barney's, one of the world's largest and most varied men's stores, answered simply, "Italy, no question about it. They have the best fabric and tailoring. It is easier for them to construct a younger garment and to adapt to change. Also the English tailors, like Chester Barrie, make an exceptionally fine conservative suit. America is best at making men's and women's furs, outerwear, sportswear."

★ FOOD PROCESSORS ★

As I said, America probably makes the best appliances in the world—dishwashers, microwave ovens, vacuum cleaners, and so on. But one of the most inventive and revolutionary items has come from France—the food processor. And, although American technology should be better at manufacturing such things, the French seem to make the best in the world. *Consumer Reports* tested out several of the breed and judged the Cuisinart CFP9 and the CFP5A the best. Third was Sunbeam's entry.

John Mariani is a freelance writer.

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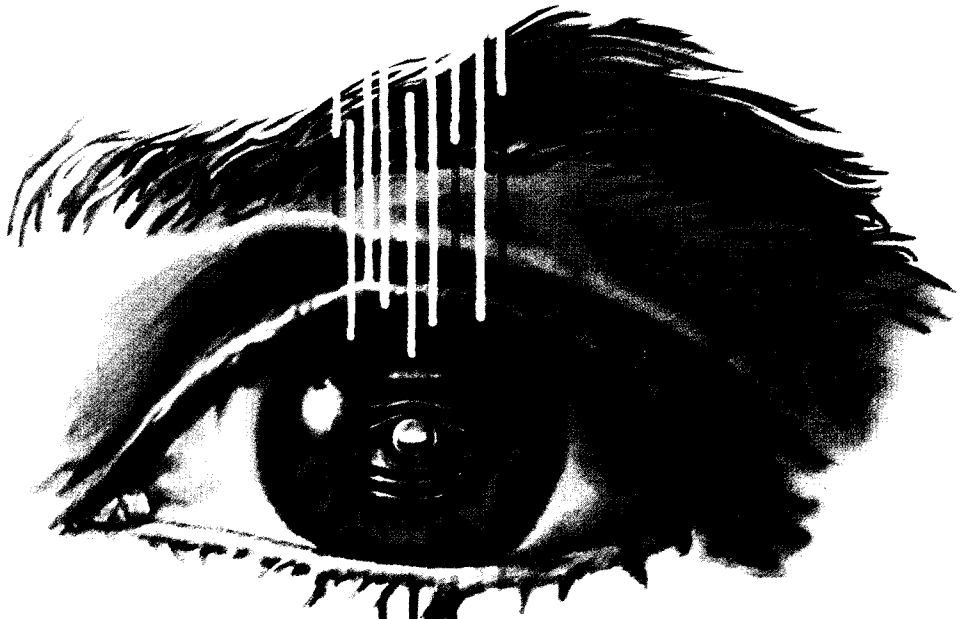

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Solar energy won't really come of age until it's competitive in price for the *big* energy jobs, like *running factories and lighting whole cities after dark.*

Making the sun more cost efficient is an exciting challenge. Which is why one of our subsidiaries is spending $30 million on development and pilot production of electricity from solar cells made from silicon ribbons. The process, with no moving parts, converts the sun's rays directly into kilowatts. Not cheaply yet, but we're hopeful.

We're also realists. Which is why we keep reminding people that, despite Sun Days and other drum-beating for Ol' Sol, practical solar energy is not here *now.* Not for the *big* energy jobs. In the decades while it's being brought to economic reality, America will need all the oil, natural gas, coal, and nuclear power it can get. And a national energy policy that encourages energy producers.

So shortages can be anticipated and avoided. So America's tomorrow will be even brighter than today.

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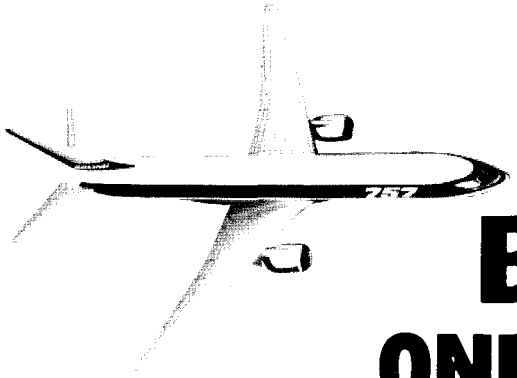

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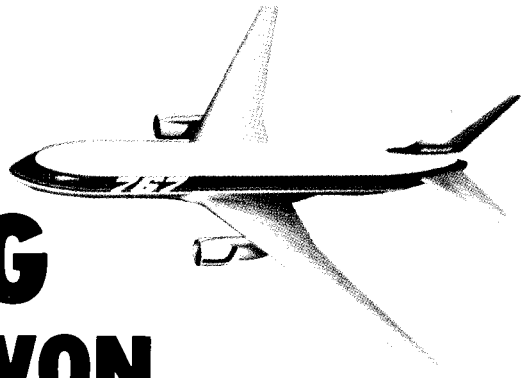

BOEING
ONE THAT WON

by John Markoff

Seattle, Washington

KING KHALID'S 747SP jumbo jet is sitting at Boeing Field awaiting final inspection. Clearly visible to nonroyalty from the interstate freeway, the craft has been painted a shimmering emerald green to better convey the sovereignty of the Saudi monarchy. The plane has caused a sensation in Seattle, and the Boeing Company has been flooded with inquiring phone calls. "Don't even ask to go inside," pleads a public-relations official, implying more spectacular treasures aboard the flying throne room.

Besides attracting attention, the sultan's plane symbolizes the reversal that Boeing's fortunes have enjoyed in recent years. In fact, "reversal" may not be a strong enough word. In 1978 Boeing surpassed every Fortune 500 company in total return to the investor, its business backlog has risen to $14.6 billion, booking up its factories almost entirely through 1981, and it now has $2.3 billion in the bank. This vast supply of capital has led some of its executives to openly suggest the possibility of funding the development of three new commercial jets entirely out of internal funds, something virtually unheard of in an industrial undertaking of that scale.

Boeing has rapidly become the American manufacturing wunderkind of the late Seventies. While domestic competitors Lockheed and McDonnell Douglas slog along still waiting to realize the first profits from their wide-body jets, Boeing has turned its 747 jumbo into what some market analysts lovingly refer to as a "cash cow." To date Boeing has delivered more than 3,300 commercial jets worldwide. This avalanche of sales, coming at a time when many American firms are hard put to peddle their wares abroad, has left the company with considerably more than half the share of the non-Communist world's commercial jet market.

What is the secret of Boeing's success? Even the men who run the company seem to have trouble putting their fingers on the source. "It's attributable to sheer mass," says one, "marketability," says another, and "intangibles like service and support," opines yet a third. But a less intangible consideration is the fact that the company itself played a major role in engineering the explosion of air travel that has swept the world during the last two decades. Before the advent of the 707 jetliner the mass commercial air-travel market didn't exist. Having created a new industry which is still youthful and growing, Boeing has gone on to consolidate its position.

There is also a hidden side to Boeing's success which cannot be ignored. It developed its first jetliner based on lessons learned from building Air Force bombers, and it has managed to control the world market for airplanes by freely buying influence in foreign countries. Still, it is impossible to deny that Boeing has elevated one area of industry to an art form: the ability to organize men and materials on a vast scale.

But the men who run Boeing are keenly aware that the aerospace industry is a cyclical one. In 1970 a precipitous decline in commercial aircraft sales, combined with the cancellation and completion of a number of major government contracts, sent the company into a tailspin that decimated its workforce from 100,000 to 30,000 overnight. Not until 1976 had Boeing recovered from the disaster.

Today Boeing is joining a battle that may provide the ultimate test of its ingenuity. The struggle is being waged over the explosive European jet market, and pits Boeing against a six-nation European consortium, Airbus Industrie, which is bringing together technical capability, political muscle, and a new airplane, the A310. The consortium also benefits from the sort of state cooperation and low-interest loans that American businessmen often blame for their own failure in global markets.

Boeing has posed against this European juggernaut an entire family of new jets: the 757, a replacement for the 727; the 767, a sleek wide-body designed for medium capacity (175 to 225 passengers) and range (under 3,000 miles), a slot that Boeing market analysts expect to prove popular; and eventually the 777, a longer-range tri-jet. So far the 767 and 757 have outsold the A310 better than two to one, includng the sale of 19 757s to British Airways, as well as deals for $1.2 billion each with United and American.

The new generation of planes will not break new ground in aircraft technology, as did the 707 or the SST. Instead it will consolidate the advances of the past decade, combining refinements in wing design with quieter, more fuel-efficient engines to raise operating efficiencies and meet environmental standards.

"The dramatic days on the technology side are behind us," says a manager at Boeing corporate headquarters. "We're not inventing new wheels, we're making them slightly rounder." Most significantly, the way Boeing makes its planes has been transformed.

As a result of early problems with the 747, Boeing has initiated extensive automation and computerization of the aircraft design and production process. A computerized-parts control system now keeps track of the hundreds of thousands of pieces needed to assemble a modern plane. Computerized design equipment is also being used extensively in the engineering phase, and computer-controlled machine tools are used in the fabrication of parts.

This obsession with productivity apparently isn't universally shared. During Chinese Premier Deng Xiaoping's recent visit to the United States he was taken on a tour of a Boeing plant and shown a giant numerically controlled riveting machine used to assemble jet wings. The machine is run by two em-

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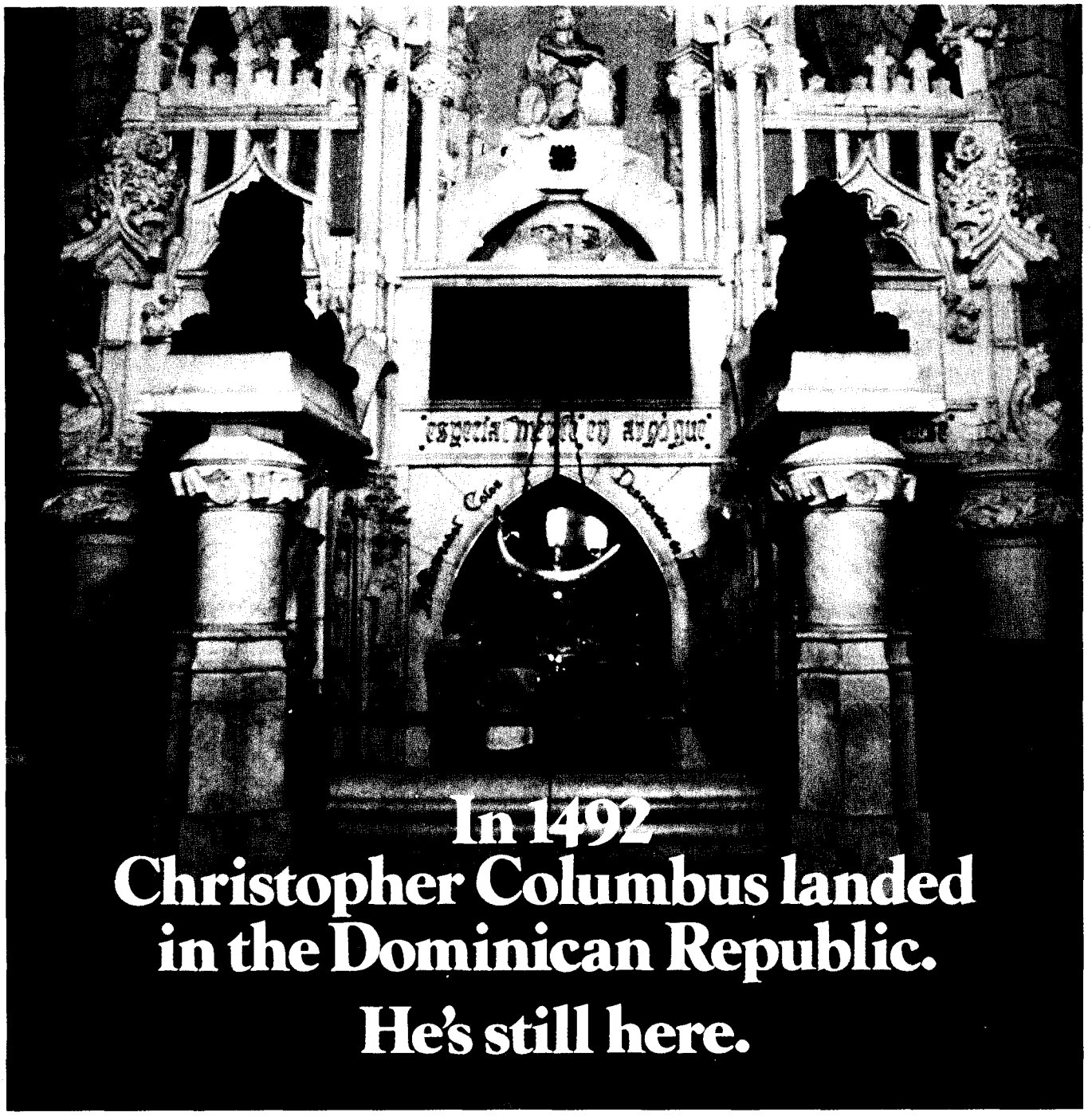

In 1492 Christopher Columbus landed in the Dominican Republic. He's still here.

Today, the memorial surrounding his remains is a major attraction for visitors to the capital city of Santo Domingo. You can be among them, enjoying warm days and cool nights in the 484-year-old place that's just beginning to happen.

The historic Dominican Republic.

Pick your life-style. Modern hotels in Santo Domingo. Unlimited enjoyment on tennis courts and in pools...in casinos and discos. All in a city that contrasts restored colonial architecture with contemporary museums, galleries and tree-lined boulevards.

If country living's your thing, try one of the sprawling resorts along the Caribbean shore. Live it up in a villa or live it down in your own *bohio* on the beach. Snorkel, fish, laze or take your best shots on a golf course that rivals anything around.

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ployees, one operating the riveter from a computer console, the other monitoring the operation. Chinese technical experts who were accompanying Deng stared at the machine in amazement, then turned to their Boeing hosts to ask, "Why do you only use two workers?"

ANALYSTS ARE predicting an 80-billion-dollar-plus market for the next decade, with more than half of it outside of the U.S. Increasingly, selling jets in the world market necessitates a multinational workforce and a massive marketing operation often directed as much at political as at technical and economic factors. Boeing has taken these lessons to heart. From 1972, when planning for the new series of jets was first undertaken, the company realized that international political factors were going to make the next generation of jets multinational. As Dean Thornton, general manager of the new 767 division puts it, "Hell, we're in a world market. You can't sit in Seattle, Washington, and orchestrate the world!"

Boeing's new fleet of planes is outselling the European competition two to one.

For years Boeing carried on negotiations over a cooperative program for building the 767 with both the Europeans and the Japanese. Eventually the company reached agreement with both the Japanese and the Italians. Fully 30 percent of the 767s will be built outside the U.S. and shipped to Seattle for final assembly. In fact, the general trend toward international production in the aerospace industry is dramatic and not limited to American corporations; one third of Airbus Industrie's new A310s are being subcontracted to the United States, a larger share than any other nation's. Both sides realize that supporting local labor may prove a crucial factor in the final negotiations.

A reluctant multinational, Boeing has taken its lumps in global competition. Airbus has hurt Boeing in Europe, made inroads into the United States, and is doing well along the Silk Route comprised of countries like Japan, Korea, and India. Corporate treasurer Jack Pierce was enraged by the Airbus sale to Eastern, claiming that Boeing had been beaten by "predatory financing agreements" arranged by the governments behind the European Airbus consortium.

Boeing is also no stranger to the extracurricular aspects of international salesmanship. A 1977 study of 288 U.S. companies disclosed nearly $412 million in questionable overseas payments between 1970 and 1976. Boeing led the list with a total of $70 million. Although some federal inquiries that have arisen as a result of the scandal have been settled, investigations into the payoffs are still being conducted by the IRS and the Justice Department.

Buying influence abroad may be a necessary part of doing business overseas, but at home Boeing has come under attack for using its role as one of the 10 largest U.S. defense contractors as a hidden subsidy for commercial activities. Officials readily agree that extensive "cross-fertilization" goes on between the military and commercial sides of the company. "Whenever we have a project where we need the technology, we transfer people back and forth," admits William Hamilton, a vice-president in charge of R and D on the commercial side of the company.

Perhaps even more important was the role that building military bombers played in Boeing's move to dominate commercial jet aviation in the 1950s. During the late Forties and early Fifties, Boeing was almost exclusively a military contractor, producing nearly 1,400 B-47 and 744 B-52 swept-wing jet bombers. Swept-wing and jet engine technology developed for the Air Force gave Boeing a crucial engineering edge, and, as a result, the company was able to introduce the transcontinental 707 almost a year and a half before the Douglas DC-8.

Underlying the debate over technological "spin-offs" gained from military R and D is a broader debate over what role the United States government should play generally in advancing technology. Boeing is bitter over the cancellation of the SST R and D program, claiming that the United States has lost essential technical expertise to the English and the French, who went ahead with their own Concorde. Yet the company's engineers are also philosophical about the loss, a feeling no doubt encouraged by the huge operating losses which the 100-passenger Anglo-French SST has chalked up.

The businessmen at Boeing are free traders, but when it comes to talking about technology they argue that they will not be able to compete unless the government steps in and takes a larger role in supporting continued aviation R and D. The company itself is making investments in new plants and equipment to launch the next generation of jets, but it claims that it won't be able to finance what it says will inevitably be the next technological leap in aviation, the move to supersonic transportation.

This is the contradiction that Boeing faces along with other multinational firms. Despite their strong emotional and rhetorical attachment to the free-enterprise system, and their fear of government regulation, most of our major exporting industries are firmly intertwined with the state through a pattern of subsidies and hastily erected barriers largely designed to prop up ailing firms. Although Boeing decries state-organized and state-subsidized companies, our own aviation industry has been boosted at every important juncture by government support. Boeing relies in part on the Export-Import Bank for financing and the Department of Defense and NASA for technological support.

Multinationals like Boeing need access to the state for both capital and development; the state, in turn, needs this relationship to acquire a measure of control over investment plans. To date the relationship in the U.S. has been haphazard, dictated primarily by corporate need. It may become more of a two-way street in the future. Indeed, if trends in international competition continue, the day may come when the U.S. government, like the governments of Europe, will enter the airplane-building business on its own.

John Markoff is an associate editor for the Pacific News Service in San Francisco.

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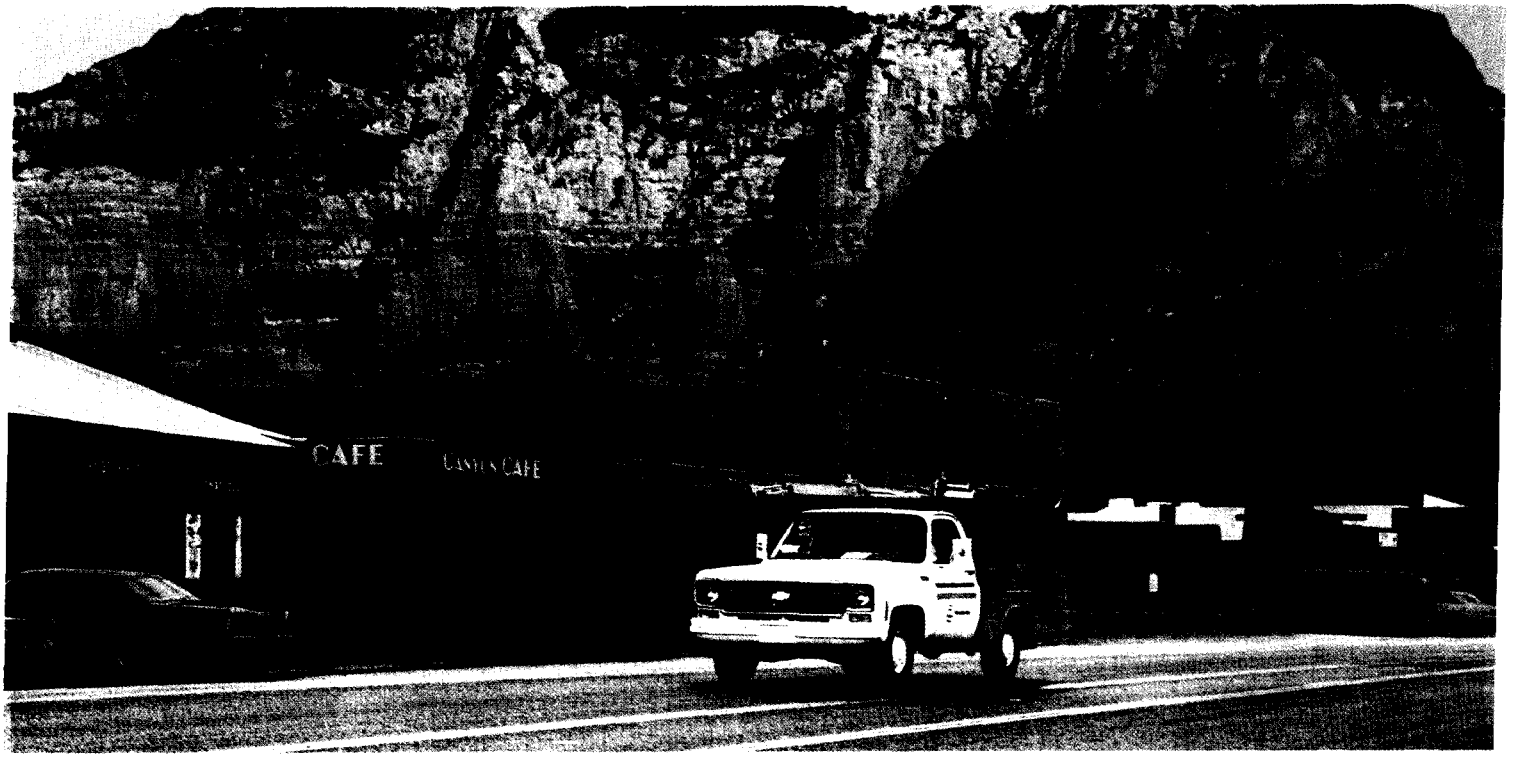
NEW YORK CITY AND SEDONA, ARIZONA HAVE ONE IMPORTANT THING IN COMMON. THE LATEST BELL SYSTEM TECHNOLOGY.



Roy Ronan is the Bell System man in charge of Sedona's electronic switching system.

One example of Bell System technology working for you is electronic switching.

Bell designed an electronic switching system especially for small towns. So the people in Sedona get the same sophisticated phone service as people in big cities like New York.

Electronic switching handles your calls more efficiently than other systems. And it makes your telephone a more versatile, useful instrument. For example, if you're already talking, the phone beeps at you to let you know there's another call waiting.

Or you can set your home phone so that your incoming calls "follow" you around town.

If you want to talk to two people at once, three-way calling lets you do just that. And, to reach the people you call frequently, you can program your phone so that you just push two numbers to make the call.

Electronic switching. Bell Labs designed it. Western Electric custom-builds it.

For big cities and small towns alike.

With electronic switching, your calls can follow you wherever you go.

Bell System

Keeping your communications system the best in the world.

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BUSINESS WEEK

THE EXPERTS POLLED

Does our declining strength in world markets point to an inevitable—but acceptable— "mellowing" of our economy? Or is it, instead, a cause for alarm? How can we revitalize international trade? *SR* posed these questions to the nation's leaders in business, labor, government, and education. Herewith, their responses.

Frank Cary
Chairman of the Board, IBM

I do not believe we should react to the decline of the United States' comparative strength in world markets with either resignation or alarm. Instead, I believe we should work to reverse this decline, which is caused in part by the fact that our productivity—our output per man-hour—is weakening in comparison with that of other nations. To close the gap, we need to do many things:

- We need to give new tax incentives for capital investment, which has averaged about 10 percent of our GNP, against 15 percent for Germany and 20 percent for Japan. We should get our figure up to 12 percent or even higher.
- We need to stimulate research and development, which used to exceed 3 percent of our GNP and today has declined to about 2 percent, and to encourage the growth of highly technological industries. Over the past quarter century these industries increased their productivity twice as fast as low-technology industries; and they outproduced them in real growth three to one and in employment nine to one.
- We need to implement policies that reflect an awareness of the costs of government regulations, which since 1973 may have been cutting our rate of productivity increase by almost half a percentage point every year.

A recent study by the Business Roundtable reveals that in a single year, 1977, the direct costs imposed on 48 firms by six federal agencies came to a total of $2.6 billion—a figure equal to more than 40 percent of those companies' total 1977 investment in research and development.

With improved understanding between business and government, we can go a long way, I believe, toward restoring our economy to full competitive health.

Hazel Henderson
author of *Creating Alternative Futures: The End of Economics*

The thrust of industrialism's brief, 200-year history has been to increase *per capita* productivity (i.e., *labor*-productivity) by increasing the energy, capital, and natural resources available to each worker. In the most highly industrialized societies—those of West Europe, the U.S.A. and Canada—industrialism succeeded in raising the productivity of some workers at the expense of a growing number of other workers who now have been shaken out at the bottom and for whom government must provide jobs or welfare and services.

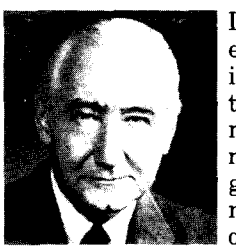
This "trickle-down" form of economic growth worked well until its vulnerability to the new world competition for scarce energy and resources became evident in the early 1970s. Resource-intensive industrial production has now overshot the mark.

Economics, never a science, is confusing, rather than clarifying, these new realities. Those economists who are naively crying for deregulation have too glibly assumed that industrial economies can continue competing for high-technology growth of the GNP. Today such growth patterns are bogging down in mature industrial countries in the twin scourges of structural inflation and structural unemployment, a major anomaly in economics.

Economists must now be challenged to recognize bio-productivity, since all human economic productivity depends on staying inside the parameters of the Earth's stored fossil fuel "capital" and its daily solar-energy "income." The error of economists in overstating productivity by measuring it in money has hidden dire social costs or passed them on to taxpayers, consumers, or future generations. These bills are now coming due, not only in structural unemployment and inflation but in over-exploited natural resources, the new plague of environmentally induced cancers, and finally, the further growth of bureaucracies, which are trying—unsuccessfully—to regulate all these backlashes of careless technocratic industrialism.

Only a shift toward environmentally benign, regenerative-resource technologies based on renewable solar energy sources—which require less regulation—can create sustainable societies that can at once fully employ all their human resources while conserving energy and natural resources.

Lewis Foy
Chairman, Bethlehem Steel Corporation



If the American economy has lost its competitive vitality in the world marketplace, it is more the result of government economic policies than of any "inevitable" process connected with a mature industrial economy.

In the case of the domestic steel industry, for example, it has been difficult, in recent years, to keep America competitive because of *de facto* government price controls and lack of enforcement of anti-dumping laws. This unfortunate combination of government action and non-action resulted in artificially depressed earnings in the first instance and artificially depressed demand in the second. Obviously, adequate earnings and demand are two key elements in encouraging investment in new facilities.

National tax policies that have encouraged consumption while discouraging savings and investment also have complicated attempts to be competitive. There is widespread agreement that the growth of productive investment in the United States has been inadequate. We must devote a greater portion of our

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GNP to productive investment—not only to keep American industry competitive with foreign business but also to provide employment for a growing labor force, improve our balance of payments, meet our national energy goals, and maintain a cleaner environment.

The American steel industry today is competitive in that it is a low-cost supplier to the American market. But we need assurance from our government that the free market in this country will be allowed to function and that international trade will be free but fair, with the price of imports based on full costs.

John B. Connally
Presidential candidate; former Secretary of the Treasury

It was inevitable that our economic dominance of the postwar period would change as economies of other nations were rebuilt. Whereas we once were virtually unchallenged when pursuing raw materials and markets, we now face fierce competition in both. A measure of "maturity" was to be expected.

It seems to me, however, that we have reached a stage where there is cause for deep concern. History offers too many examples in which maturity evolved into stagnation, decline, and decadence.

In our own case, there is no need to allow maturity to lead inevitably to grimmer consequences. Several critical actions are required to rejuvenate our economy: Obviously, we must get our international trade account in balance. To do so, we must be firm with our trading partners in insisting on fair trade. As the most lucrative market in the world, we have leverage to secure equity.

Equally important, we must solve our energy problems and achieve more self-sufficiency. Failure to do so threatens our national security. One approach we might explore would be the development of a Western Hemisphere common market for energy.

A third vital step is to put our monetary house in order. We simply must bring inflation under control, which means that we must cut government spending, reduce costly regulation, stop deficit spending, and increase our productivity.

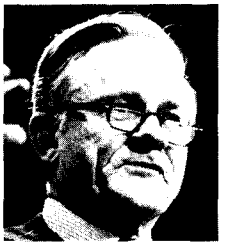
We're going to have to reexamine our entire system of taxation to encourage more capital formation to help modernize our plants. We must allocate more funds to research and development.

We're going to have to change the antagonism of government toward industry, as well as the mutual antagonisms between business and labor. All elements of our society must work together if we are to prosper in today's world.

Our problems did not develop overnight; neither will their solutions. We're going to have to have a sustained period of patience, perseverance, and above all, the restoration of responsibility in the political leadership of America.

Charles Schultze
Chairman, Council of Economic Advisers

WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

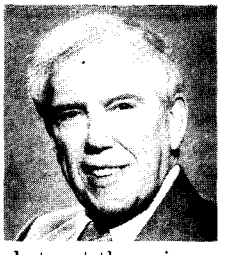


The predominance of goods-and-services imports over exports for the past few years has been unprecedented in modern U.S. economic history. I do not believe that this is a condition that can or will continue, but neither do I believe that it is cause for alarm.

The causes of the recent deficit are many and complex. It was clearly inevitable that our trading partners would eventually catch up with U.S. technology. Somewhat more mystifying and clearly of more concern is the sudden decline in our own productivity growth rates from the levels of the 1960s. On the import side, our oil bill has grown enormously. Ironically, the relative strength of the U.S. economy in 1977 and 1978 was a major factor. Our economy grew faster than that of our major trading partners, and we increased our imports faster than they increased their purchases from us.

There are factors at work, however, that should return us to a sustainable position with respect to our external balance. The President's success in the anti-inflation program should improve our net trade performance. The recently announced deregulation of oil prices will slow the growth of our oil import bill. In addition, increased support of basic research and development and improvements in the efficiency of regulatory policy should lead to higher investment and ultimately to better productivity.

Douglas Fraser
President, UAW



The fact that other nations have improved their technologies, productivity, and standards of living should not motivate the United States to attempt to obstruct those improvements, especially when the benefits are widely dispersed among the people in those countries.

In most of Europe and Japan, for example, workers have been allowed to organize to win wages that are in keeping with the increased productivity brought about by improved technology. The cost of American labor has been falling relative to labor in those industrial countries.

Foreign investments, however, are justified in some of these situations. We in the UAW and the West German union have supported Volkswagen's establishment of a U.S. auto assembly plant, and the UAW and the Japanese union are encouraging similar action by the Japanese auto companies.

However, a number of U.S. companies have invested overseas for less justifiable reasons. In recent years, a group of "newly industrializing countries" (e.g. Brazil, South Korea, Taiwan) has been adopting the world's most advanced technologies and has rapidly expanded its exports, but under conditions different from those in Europe and Japan. These governments often have prevented workers from organizing and obtaining wage improvements that correspond to the improvements in productivity. They also have encouraged U.S. companies to establish plants in their countries in order to exploit those low wages and to avoid U.S. health, safety, and environmental standards.

In light of these developments, a key element of U.S. policy for human rights and fair trade should be an enforceable agreement on international fair labor standards in order to prevent unfair labor conditions from being a major element in trade competition.

C. Fred Bergsten
Assistant Secretary of the Treasury for International Affairs

The most critical strategic question for U.S. international economic policy over the next few years will be whether we should fight or join the trend toward increased government intervention in international trade and investment decisions, a trend we are seeing in many other countries.

Can the United States maintain its liberal attitudes and compete effectively in world markets? Or must we tailor our domestic policies to support intervention on the international side, with restraint on private decisions?

My own strong preference is to continue to fight increased government involvement in the world economy. Excessive government intervention is alien to the fundamental philosophy of the United States. It would create huge eco-

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nomic inefficiencies just when the specter of continuing inflation makes such costs particularly unacceptable.

Fortunately, we have been making significant progress in resisting, and even rolling back, the trend toward more government involvement by other countries. The Carter administration has recently arrived at major international agreements that provide important new disciplines on government subsidies and procurement practices. We have strengthened and stabilized the monetary regime based on market-determined exchange rates.

Yet we cannot sit by if other governments become further enmeshed in making international investment, trade, and technology decisions. We must act when our interests are at stake and when efforts to achieve international cooperation fail. Indeed, decisive U.S. action is often necessary to persuade other governments to back away from interventionist efforts. They must be convinced that no one gains when all play the same game—least of all other countries when the United States is the biggest player of all.

David Rockefeller
Chairman, The Chase Manhattan Bank

ARTHUR LAVINE

The United States today is at a critical crossroad in the international marketplace. Our economic policies at home and elsewhere in the world have been called into question. These trends give pause to our friends the world over who wonder if we have the strength and will to meet the severe challenges facing us.

This decline can be attributed indirectly to our success in aiding other industrial nations after World War II and, more directly and ironically, to our recent failure to keep pace with *their* fundamental marketing aggressiveness and productivity.

To an extent, our problems have been aggravated by government policies: A vast increase in regulation, repeated efforts to achieve political objectives through counterproductive international economic sanctions, disincentives to capital formation and investment, and attempts to attain short-term social goals in ways that stifle long-term economic growth.

However, government policies are not the only cause of the problem. Many American businesses have been satisfied with domestic markets—opting for complacency and economic parochialism in an increasingly competitive and interdependent world.

We cannot seek solutions in defensive measures, such as more protectionism. Rather, we must take the positive actions necessary for productivity growth. Business must strive for increased productivity rather than protection and look to investment rather than intervention. More companies must sell more kinds of American goods abroad. Innovative trade facilities and arrangements can help stimulate more exports.

We can do it. We have the resources. We have the know-how. What we lack at present is a sense of commitment to the future and the will to take the steps necessary to become once again the leader in the world marketplace.

Stephen Marglin
Professor of Economics, Harvard University

The decline in the competitive position of the United States in world markets is a symptom of a more fundamental problem, a decline in productivity growth. This decline is surely a cause for alarm in a system that, lacking other means, depends on an ever-increasing abundance of commodities to solve all problems.

What is to be done? The unlamented Nixon answered a similar question some years ago by saying, "It is only through profits that industry can buy the new plant, the new equipment, that will make our workers more productive." Just rhetoric? Hardly. Under capitalism, we all depend on profits for the investment that in turn raises more profits *and* increases real wages.

Thus it might seem that if workers as individuals and working-class organizations such as trade unions lie down and play dead, in the manner of the Japanese and the Germans, we might have a rate of growth as high as Japan's and Germany's.

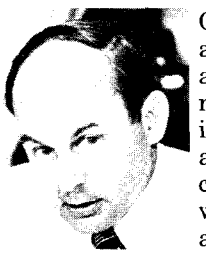
But before we commit ourselves to such policies we might examine the logic and the facts a little more closely. The harmony that exists between workers and capitalists with respect to the desirability of a high level of profits presupposes a profit system. This simple point leads to a single question: Is the price ordinary people pay to maintain that system worth the benefits? I think not.

Let me be clear. I do *not* identify the price we pay with the high concentration of profits and other forms of property income.

The real problem is not the income that the profit system extracts from the rest of us, but what capitalists have to do to us to get their profits. War and poverty; imperialism and subversion of the political system; racism and sexism; destruction of the community and environment. Each and every one of these social ills is used by capitalists to maintain their hegemony.

Is the price too high? More and more people are coming to think so. Whatever may have been the case in the past, capitalism is no longer a vehicle of human progress but an obstacle to it. The real solution to this problem of productivity growth lies in first recognizing the limitations of a system that makes productivity growth crucial to social well-being, then changing that system to make the economy responsive to our needs as people rather than the other way around.

Senator Adlai E. Stevenson
Democrat, Illinois



Our economic maladies are rooted in a failure to face the realities of global interdependence and intensifying competition for the world's markets and supplies. Instead of facing up to the challenges of a new era, Washington is relying on reflexive policies better suited to the behavior of markets and nations in the 18th century.

The growth industries of America are the law and accounting firms, gambling businesses, government itself. We seek to redistribute profit at some risk of no longer making it. With more imagination we would restore the old entrepreneurial spirit now under assault from impersonalized forces of government, labor, and business and revive the Jeffersonian ideals of excellence now threatened by an egalitarian ethic.

There are solutions.

This won't be accomplished by taking more short cuts—such as reorganization plans or constitutional amendments to balance the budget. And it won't be accomplished by economic orthodoxy that relies on monetary means to suppress demand and control inflation—at considerable risk of causing more inflation.

The nation could move to meet the competition in the world. It could develop new marketing systems, increase the production of food at home and fuel in the world, adapt its anti-trust laws to a global market. It could recommit itself to basic science and technological innovation. With the American space shuttle, it could push back new frontiers in space and use that benign environment for the benefit of mankind. It could recognize that mankind would be better served by increasing the production of essential commodities and services than by decreasing the demand for them. It could move as it did in the late Forties to build world institutions of trade and money and development. It could recognize that common action is the only way to deal with common problems.

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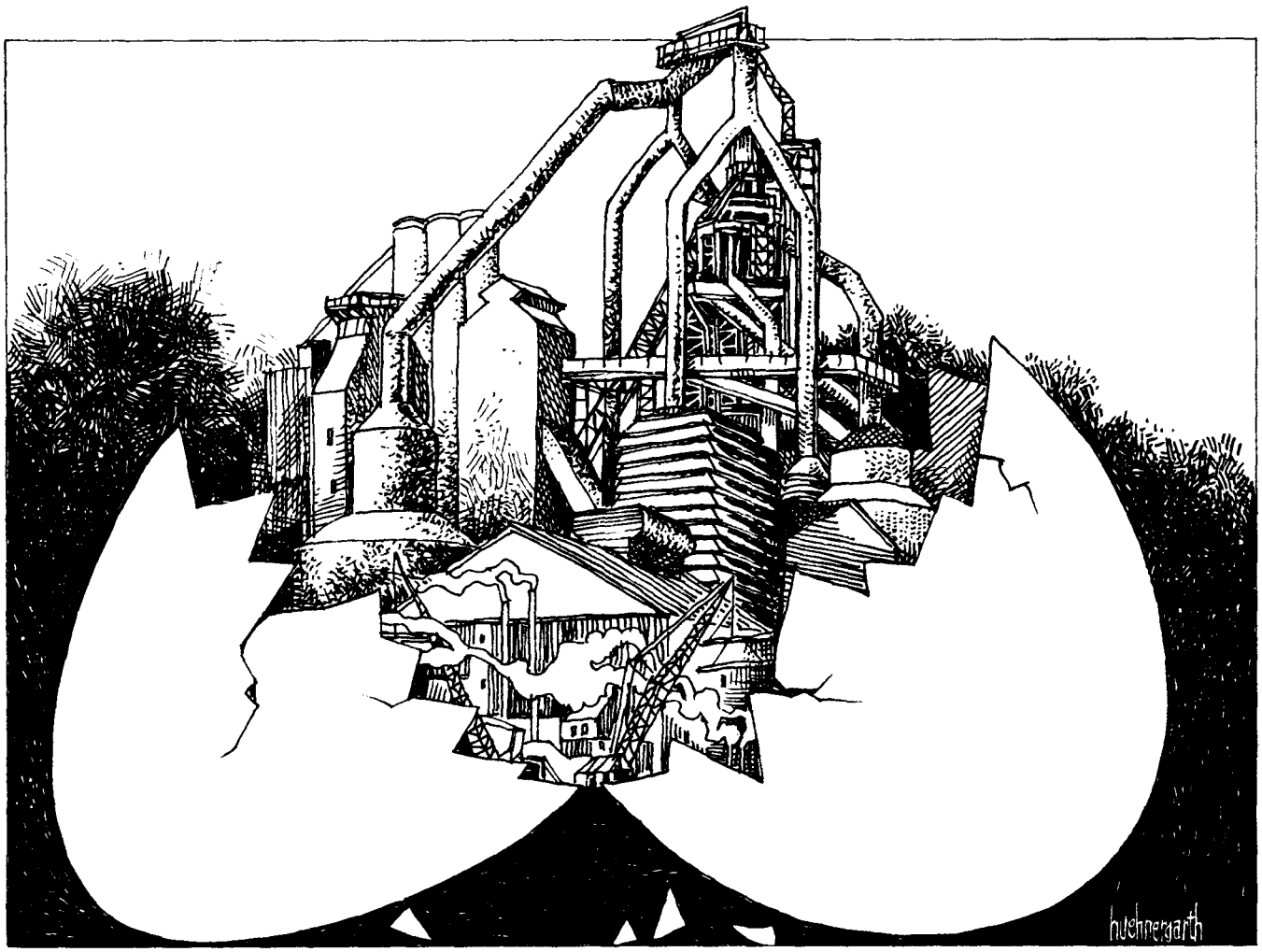
Why does every emerging nation want its own steel industry?



Because just like the mature, industrialized nations of the world, the less-developed countries know the importance of a strong domestic steel industry...to their national economy and to their national defense. Because they don't want to depend on foreign sources for a reliable supply of the world's most useful metal.

What's needed to insure a healthy, growing *American* steel industry? Governmental policies that will allow us to generate the additional funds needed to modernize and expand.

Bethlehem

Bethlehem Steel Corporation, Bethlehem, PA 18016

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LOOKOUTS

One of Whistler's faces—The Little Rose of Lyme Regis *(1895).*

A royal lady's face from a relief found in Egypt (ca.2614-2494B.C.).

Facing the Crowds

Now that the blockbuster museum show has made art a more or less democratic commodity, it seems proper that a museum should treat a shopping mall as a potential gallery. In this liberal spirit the Boston Museum of Fine Arts has decided to set up shop in that city's Faneuil Hall Marketplace, now counted among the country's most popular tourist attractions.

The Rouse Company (of which James Rouse, mastermind of Faneuil Hall Marketplace and others, is the head) has donated the space to the museum, whose own building will be undergoing extensive renovation through 1981. The museum is organizing the first show for their new space with all the market's window shoppers and people watchers in mind. Entitled *Faces of the MFA*, the show of the museum's collected visages from mummy to modern will be on view through August.

Hey There, You With the (Red) Stars...

What are the talented Soviet emigrés doing now that they're here? Tootling is what. And strumming. And plucking. The results will be heard publicly at the first Soviet Emigré Music Festival at New York's Carnegie Hall July 10 through 15. The Soviet Emigré Chamber Orchestra will be led by Lazar Gosman, former Leningrad conductor.The first night is all Vivaldi except for the premiere performance of Richard Adler's second serious work, *Retrospectrum*, played in five movements. If the Adler name is familiar, it is remembered from Broadway, a few blocks down, where he was responsible for *The Pajama Game, Damn Yankees*, and other shows. The leap from Broadway to concert was memorably tried by George Gershwin. Adler's first serious work, *Memories of Childhood*, was played recently by the Detroit Symphony. As for the Soviets, they will erupt on July 14 with a Russian midnight open house, with the emigrés playing gypsy music, underground music, and reading poetry. Then it's blinis and bubbly in the Russian Tea Room next door.

Adler, smiling about his second serious work, Retrospectrum.

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For the Record

Frederica von Stade's high promise as an opera artist is apparent in a recital that ranges from songs of John Dowland and Henry Purcell, of the 17th century, to the contemporary Carol Hall ("Jenny Rebecca").

Throughout, her mezzo sound is free-flowing and distinctive, particularly in Liszt's much-sung "Oh, quand je dors." Her performances of the dozen-plus others, (including Claude Debussy's "Trois chansons de Bilitis") lack that touch of finality. Martin Katz is the over-loud pianist. Nevertheless, *Song Recital* (Columbia) is a disc with which to begin a von Stade collection.

Promising von Stade.

Devotees of Erik Satie will find in *Monotones* (Angel) orchestral arrangements of his piano music with the same dry wit and the individual point that they admire in the originals.

On the recording are: "Trois Gymnopédies" (the first and third orchestrated by Debussy, the second by Alexis Roland-Manuel), which Sir Frederick Ashton utilized for his 1965 ballet; "Jack in the Box" suite (Darius Milhaud); and "Prélude d'Eginhard" (John Lanchbery).

Satie's lack of pomposity is best illustrated by his musical response, to a comment by Debussy, that his work lacked form: "Trois morceaux en forme de poire." Whether Anjou or Bartlett, they are a joy to hear as orchestrated by Roger Désmorière and conducted by Lanchbery. A peach (pear?) of a disc.

The much talked-about Glass.

Anyone with an interest in today's musical trends should hear *Einstein on the Beach* by Philip Glass and Robert Wilson (Tomato), if only to keep up with what's being talked about. Woven into the "knee plays" (four acts of them) are allusions to the eminent physicist's violin playing and Nevil Shute's post-holocaust novel (*On the Beach*).

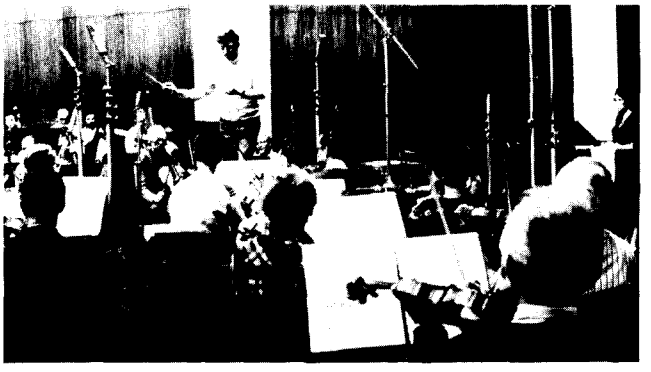
Also woven into the stage action, related to contemporary fads and foibles, are references, in Glass's tongue-in-cheek score, to hypnosis-by-repetition as practiced by Igor Stravinsky and popularized by Carl Orff (*Carmina Burana*). Here it is hypnosis-on-the-cheap, with organ (Glass), violin (Paul Zukofsky), reeds, mixing panel, and voices.

I don't recommend eight sides of Glass, even taking into account Milton Glaser's well-designed brochure, but if we are offered *The Best of Einstein on the Beach,* look out for side five, with "Mr. Bojangles."

Herbert Blomstedt, a splendid Swedish conductor, has taken a look at a question that has long beset some lovers of Edvard Grieg's *Peer Gynt* music, and provided a highly enjoyable answer with the Staatskapelle Dresden (Angel).

Rather than beginning with "Morning" or "Ingrid's Lament" and leaving the listener to wonder what Grieg's two suites have to do with Henrik Ibsen's play, Blomstedt has pursued the 12-part sequence—from the prelude to Act I to the end of Act V with "Solveig's Cradle Song"—in a way that is novel, delightful, and very logical.

Ibsen's texts for the sung material (well performed by soprano Taru Valjakka and mezzo Edith Thallaug) are provided in a brochure. With the excellent Dresden orchestra conducted by Blomstedt, the result is better than the play-with-music I once heard, in Oslo, with a pit orchestra of 35. **I.K.**



Logical Blomstedt and the Staatskapelle.

Star-Studded Festivities

Although visits to ancient Greece are somewhat difficult to arrange, the traveler with a head full of Homer can slake his thirst for the Golden Age at the Athens and Epidaurus festivals this summer. Through September 30 the festivals, celebrating their silver jubilees, will offer ballet, theater, and opera in amphitheaters that have played host to such cultural feasts for thousands of years.

The Athens program is the more international of the two, featuring an English Bach festival and performances of the Bolshoi Theater Ballet and the Alvin Ailey Dance Theater. The Epidaurus will consist solely of productions of ancient Greek dramas and comedies—including the rarely staged Aeschylus classic, *The Persians*—by Greek theater companies. The best way, incidentally, to travel from Athens to Epidaurus, is also under starry skies—by sailboat.For details, contact the Greek National Tourist office, 645 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

GREEK NATIONAL TOURIST OFFICE

Alexis Minotis in the title role of Sophocles' Oedipus at Colonus.

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PLEASURES

Liquid Assets
Wine as an Investment

The $28,000 bottle.

by Clifton Fadiman and Sam Aaron

TRYING TO beat inflation by traditional methods, such as working, begins to look like a mug's game. Washington, making a corner in the money-printing market, sees to that. Your savings bank can be depended on to cut your real capital by about 4 percent annually, the difference between the inflation rate and the interest you receive. With government bonds or commercial paper you may come out even. Of course, we're ignoring taxes. Even Las Vegas sometimes gives you a better shake—but, as the willowy young British soldier complained at Dunkirk, "The noise—and the people!"

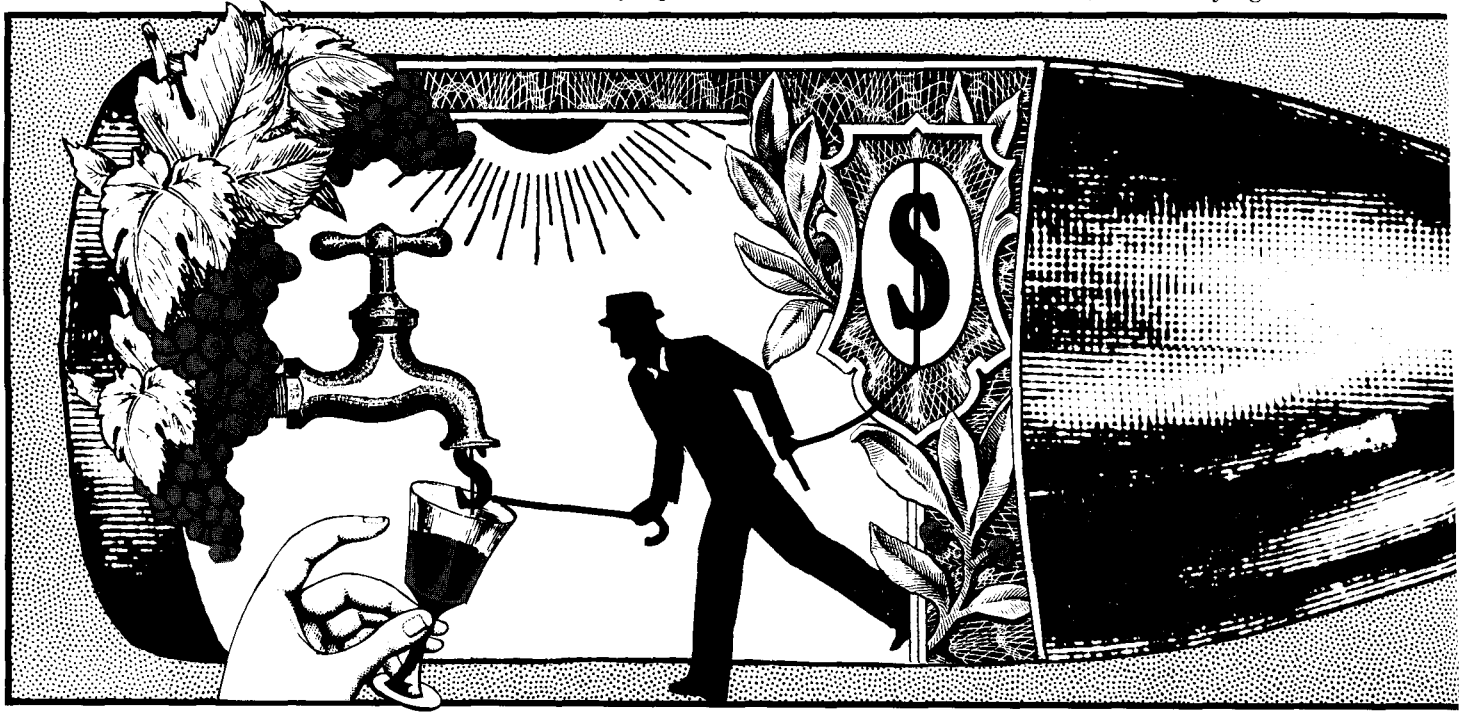
Gold? Tricky stuff, for the sophisticated only. Old masters and post-Impressionists? Maybe—if you're a millionaire, in which case why are you reading a piece about investments? Of course you might try holding a Saudi oil king for ransom, but that's a pretty sheiky thing to do.

Perhaps you can win with wine. We'll make a conservative statement: $5,000 intelligently invested in wine this year will grow in value much more rapidly than interest rates. In addition to the five grand, all you need is knowledge and the patience of Job.

Evidence shows that on many occasions in the past the price of wine has, over a modest period of time, tripled, and in some cases (such a case as one of Lafite-Rothschild '59) multiplied tenfold. How's that for keeping up with the Dow-Joneses?

Let's stick with the Rothschilds for a moment. Last Easter Sunday at dinner our host served us Lafite-Rothschild '45. (That's like handing out Hope diamonds as favors.) After showing off his wine he showed off his invoice. In 1949 he had paid $1.69 per bottle. Today—what's 30 years, after all?—that bottle will fetch $400. It's hard to get, too—some rock star with an Onassian wallet and a finger-lickin' palate has probably been there before you. When we suggested to our host that his original investment was now worth about $16.67 an ounce, he replied, "If I really thought that, I'd choke on every sip. But at $1.69 we can afford another bottle." We could and did.

Back in pre-wine boom times—say 1959—wine investment was restricted to a small group of professionals. One wine merchant we know acquired 800 cases of Lafite-Rothschild '59 at $29 the case delivered in New York. In 1962 he sold them to his clientele for $44 a case and felt he had done well, congratulating himself on having spotted a magnificent vintage early in its career. But suppose he had resisted the temptation to turn over his money quickly. Suppose he had allowed his bottles to do a Rip Van Winkle for about 20 years. At last report this wine is fetching $2,000 a case in New York, Bordeaux, and Paris. By 1980 it should go for $3,000. Multiply that by 800 and we seem to get $2,400,000—not bad even in depreciated currency. Now let's endow our merchant with centenarian genes. He waits until 2000 A.D. This particular wine, say the experts, will improve in quality right up to that millenarian year. Of course his original investment of $23,200, a tidy sum even then, has been lying dead for



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40 years. But—what a resurrection.

Poke around in your cellar. Ah, here's one you've overlooked: A Lafite 1806. At auction in 1976, one of the two known existing bottles went for $14,200. On May 24 its mate at the Continental Plaza in Chicago at the annual Heublein rare wine auction brought the highest price in history—$28,000. That's $1,166.67 an ounce. At this moment gold is worth only $275 an ounce, and you can't smell or drink it.

Rarity is an odd business. Like everyone else, you are the rarest entity in existence, there being only one of you. Yet, once we pass a certain age (for most men it's 65), we're told we're worthless. But a great wine refuses to retire and pitch horseshoes. If it be ineffably rare, a superb claret will, at 65, really start to accumulate dollar-value. We asked the president of one of our finest wine shops to name his most expensive item. "My Lafite-Rothschild 1832," he replied, or rather breathed. About a year ago, he told us, it changed hands at about $1,000 a bottle. Today he's asking $4,980. But remember, there are perhaps only three bottles in existence.

The other day one of your correspondents gave the other a bottle of Lafite 1904 just because the donee happened to be born in that year. At today's auction prices that amounts to something like $1,000—literally a grand gesture. The recipient is saving that bottle for his hundredth birthday. On that day exactly half of it, if it's any good, will be drunk by him and half by the donor. When you're 100, why bother to make money?

The proud owner of that Lafite '04 bought, the first year it was available, a case of Château d'Yquem '37. He thinks he paid $50 for this Himalayan sauterne. In 1975 a case went for $1,050. A $4-bottle had been transmuted into liquid gold by the magic of yquemistry. Could he have done better with IBM? Now, whenever he reflects on his shrinking assets he lightens his gloom by contemplating his drinking assets.

These phenomenal price rises are not limited to the vinous aristocrats of Europe. There's gold in them thar Napa valleys of our own California. A Beaulieu estate-bottled Cabernet Sauvignon 1949 was worth $510 a case just prior to 1975. It's now $1,300. Not a breathtaking leap but still not bad. A '59 Cabernet Sauvignon of the same vineyard has jumped from a pre-1975 case price of $280 to a 1978 figure of $1,200. The years, like circumstances, alter cases. Looking over the auction prices for 1977, for example, you come across figures calculated to give you exophthalmos. For example, a dozen of Martin Ray's Cabernet Sauvignon '36, bearing his signature, sold—the signature, of course, thrown in—for a mere $1,620.

True, all of the foregoing is stratosphere stuff, interesting perhaps, but of little use to the modest investor with $5,000 clutched in his hot little hand. Good enough: we'll repeat our general principle in rather more forcible terms. Whether northern California, Bordeaux, Burgundy, Moselle, or Rheingau, if you buy the right wines shortly after the vintage, while they're still available at non-lunatic prices, and if they're properly kept to maturity, their value should rise at a much faster rate than gold, General Motors, or pork belly futures.

What should you buy? In general, don't invest in the good. Invest in the best. Don't sue us if it doesn't work out, but for red Bordeaux we suggest acquiring Château Lafite-Rothschild, Château Mouton-Rothschild, or Château Petrus, all '75, you'll shell out $500 to $600 per case. In five years the consumers will pay double that. Burgundies? Any of the great Domaine de la Romanée Conti wines, '71s or '76s. The king himself, Romanée Conti, goes today at about $1,000 the case. In a few years it should fetch $3,000. The same order of increase is indicated for La Tâche '76 or Richebourg '76, both now selling at about $700.

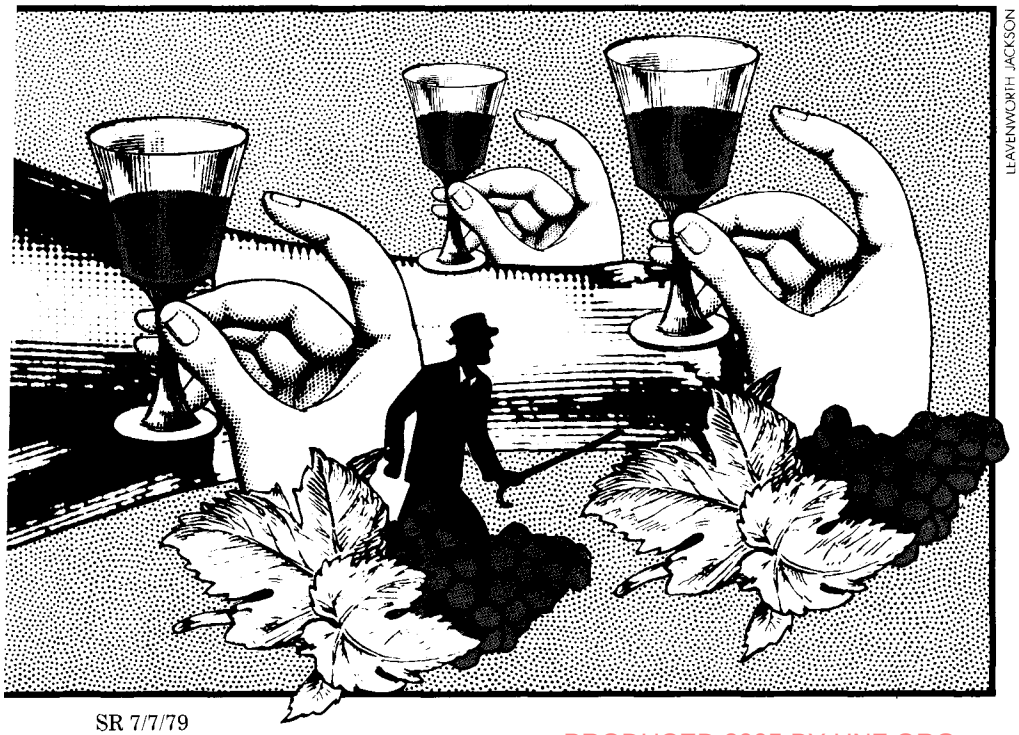
As for domestics, stick to California Cabernet Sauvignon '74 and '78. True, the '74s are almost all gone from the retail market, but if you can find any, you'll discover that prices are not yet much higher than when the wines were first released. At leading wine merchants in New York and other big cities it's still possible to pick up topflight Napas. In '74s: Chappellet at $125; Clos du Bois at $80; Freemark Abbey at $90; Silver Oak, a superb wine, at $98; Sterling Vineyard at $92; and Heitz's Martha's Vineyard at about $200 a case, just released at the vineyard but not yet available in the stores. (The last-named, in our opinion, will demand $500-$600 a few years hence.)

But if you're really looking ahead, get into the '78s, which will not be delivered until 1980, 1981, or even later, depending upon the vineyard. Inglenook '78 fetched a pretty price at the Chicago auction. Look for '78s from Clos du Val, Mount Veeder, Chateau Chevalier, Stag's Leap, Heitz, Robert Mondavi, and Chateau St. Jean—all Napa except the last which is Sonoma.

Will this market collapse, like the tulip mania of the 18th century, when a single bulb might be valued at thousands of dollars? So far, no sign of it. Apparently for every well-stocked cellar there's a well-heeled buyer. Purchase shrewdly, pay your dealer a small annual storage fee, hold on, and sooner or later some Rodeo Drive or Houston type will take the wine off your hands or out of your mouth.

How do you go about selling your liquid Vermeers? Write Michael J. Broadbent, Christie's, King Street, London. If you've really got something, he'll tell you how to manage it. Your bottles may be put up in London or here. Too much bother? Then do nothing till you die. Then your collection becomes part of your estate and goes to your heirs at a greatly increased valuation. It's also theoretically possible to sell to a private buyer. We do not urge this. The IRS, specializing in dim views, may not care for it. If none of the above appeals, wait till it looks like top-dollar time. Invite your friends, and swallow your investment. You haven't lost much and you'll experience, as old Melville would have put it, top gallant delight.

Omar wondered what the vintners buy one half so precious as the stuff they sell. No problem: more wine. ◉



LEAVENWORTH JACKSON

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An Unmerry Month of May

IN THE SPACE of just one week in May, three plays—*Break a Leg*, *The Goodbye People*, *Bosoms and Neglect*—opened and closed on Broadway, two on opening night and one after four performances. Although the losses were appalling—three major efforts investing close to a million dollars for a total of six performances—they were not as appalling as the New York theater community's reaction: no reaction, not even a shrug. What should have been catastrophic and shocking went unnoticed.

In fact, this past season has been one of unparalleled disaster playing to no response. Today's Broadway doesn't appear to *care*. It seems to look on the theater as a business of merchandising; if one production isn't a success, well, the next, or the next, or the one after that will be, and it will pay for all the flops. As long as you keep shooting you are bound to hit the target eventually.

Shooting. Targets. Can the subject actually be theater? Even light theater? Doesn't anyone care when a production goes down the drain?

So many washed down it this season I'm surprised the Broadway people didn't have to call the man from Roto-Rooter. This season had the first $2 million failure, *Ballroom*; it had a $1 million show (*A Broadway Musical*) close on opening night; it had a spate of $1 million failures (*Platinum*, *Carmelina*, *King of Hearts*). The failure of big musicals used to be flabbergasting. Only 14 years ago, New York was stunned when the $650,000 *Kelly* called it quits after opening night. Composers, lyricists, librettists would agonize over their troubled shows. One composer, the gifted Don Gohman, actually committed suicide because his show, *The Ambassadors*, was panned and failed. Even those hardened actors who moved, gypsylike, from show to show felt the pain of a play closing. In short, theater was a personal matter.

The current attitude of almost cavalierly opening and closing productions (even the actors are beginning to seem emotionless about them) reflects a disappearance of personal involvement and of love.

Curiously, none of the three flops was written by an amateur. John Guare (*The House of Blue Leaves*), Herb Gardner (*A Thousand Clowns*), and Ira Levin (*Deathtrap*) are successful playwrights, and the first two are special.

Paul Rudd and Marian Mercer in the week's hit.

Levin's *Break a Leg* was the first of the May disasters. A cartoon farce set in operetta-land, it told of a frustrated Middle European producer who sought revenge on the critic who had been lambasting his productions. A first-rate cast—Julie Harris, Jack Weston, Rene Auberjonois—was assembled, but given no idea of what kind of play this was supposed to be, or how it should be played. No question, *Break a Leg* was a mess.

The Gardner play was a rather different and unusual case. *The Goodbye People*, a seven-performance Broadway flop in 1968, came back to try again. The author had pruned and revised it, but not as substantively as necessary. As the play opened, an old Jewish man who would rather die than give up his vitality had just re-opened a hot-dog stand on a beach—in the dead of winter. *The Goodbye People* may have been the first play ever to sentimentalize itself to death, and yet—with the rewrite and with Herschel Bernardi in the central role—the production had flashes of humor and poetry. The play didn't work, but neither did it deserve to be humiliated and promptly forgotten.

The hit of the week, with a long run of four performances, was John Guare's *Bosoms and Neglect*. This play was an important work for an author who is at a difficult time in his career. Though predictably a commercial failure (too abstract and disorganized), *Bosoms and Neglect* should not have been treated as a play without a right to exist. It was a serious attempt by a serious writer. Guare's previous plays—*Landscape of the Body* and *Rich and Famous*—were not satisfactory, but he had demonstrated a literary flair and comic originality in such early works as *Muzeeka* and *The House of Blue Leaves*. This new play showed that exhilarating talent still strong.

Was the failure of this production just a matter of Broadway's basic dichotomy—theater as a half artistic, half commercial medium? I think it was something more ominous. At a March premiere at the Goodman Theater in Chicago, *Bosoms and Neglect* received reviews too good for its own good. Nowadays, Broadway producers are using regional theaters as proving grounds (which neither regional theaters nor their nonprofit charters were created for). One set of rave notices and the rush to Broadway was on. *Bosoms and Neglect* didn't deserve raves. It was in dire need of rewriting. Nevertheless, it was inventive and energetic, and it recalled the sincerity and innocence and eager brightness of Guare's *Muzeeka*; it had the love and personal commitment of his *House of Blue Leaves*; it once more showed John Guare to be the rare playwright who could write stylized characters while breathing believability into them. Although *Bosoms and Neglect* is preoccupied with mocking the New York literary-psychiatric set, several scenes of power and compassion were beautifully played by Paul Rudd as a young man who has been unable to love anyone, and Kate Reid as his dying mother. Though it was often irritating, the play deserved neither abusive reviews nor instant oblivion. But the producers couldn't be blamed for closing it. They could hardly be expected to take a financial bath in a doomed cause.

Nobody, really, is to blame for the closings. But I wish more people had been upset, shocked by the week's devastation, had taken the closings personally. For when theater becomes an impersonal marketing "product," it is dead.

—Martin Gottfried

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He Took Manhattan

Keaton as Upper East Sider, Allen as moral ex-comedy writer, and the Queensboro Bridge.

MANHATTAN (United Artists) is Woody Allen's latest ode on the intimations of mortality. He plays a 42-year-old television writer overflowing with intellectual awareness and frustration, unquenchable in hope and in self-mockery. Isaac Davis is haunted above all by the fear of growing old and by the ultimate extinction waiting at the end of the journey. He tries to hold death at arm's length with compulsive love affairs and desperate wisecracks. In a key scene he delivers a long, impassioned, derisive speech while standing next to a skull.

Allen has also composed an ode to Manhattan, that citadel of love, death, and wisecracks. Gordon Willis's black-and-white photography, so refreshing a change from the overprettified color of most contemporary cinema, evokes marvelously the beauty and majesty of the island city. The elegiac note is enhanced by a score arranged by Tom Pierson of sublime Gershwin tunes.

Allen's ear for metropolitan chatter is as superb as ever. Note the scene where Diane Keaton dismisses the artists Isaac Davis admires—a perfect parody of Manhattan's intellectual babble. But Allen almost parodies himself when Isaac later compiles his own list of what makes life worth living. The dialogue is perhaps unduly dependent on specialized topical reference. Audiences laugh effortlessly today at the movies that Chaplin, Keaton, Lloyd, Fields, the Marx Brothers made half a century ago. I am afraid that audiences half a century from now will not fully appreciate *Manhattan* without a glossary.

Allen and Keaton play off each other with their usual happy brilliance. As the 17-year-old Dalton girl with whom Isaac Davis hopes to renew his youth, Mariel Hemingway acts with the ecstatic gravity of one for whom love is close and death unimaginably distant. In the quite beautiful concluding scene, she tells Isaac Davis as she departs for London, "Six months isn't such a long time." To a man afraid of his own mortality six months is forever.

Manhattan is a better and more enjoyable movie than anything else around. But I must confess bafflement over the extravagance of its critical reception: "Woody Allen Comes of Age" (*Time*); "The Maturing of Woody Allen" (*New York Times Magazine*); etc. Woody Allen came of age awhile ago, and he has been pretty mature for several films now. If a note of slight disappointment pervades this review, it is only because Woody Allen has set himself such stringent standards.

In his recent films—*Sleeper, Love and Death, Annie Hall, Interiors*—he has strained forward, sought new insights and techniques, pressed his genius to its outer limits. But *Manhattan* is essentially a recycling of *Annie Hall* and, in my view, a less original and less fully realized work. He takes few risks here. Everything has been tried and tested. We already know that he has been visited by the "bluebird of anxiety." We understand, because Allen had previously demonstrated it so marvelously, that our urban culture encourages the invention of neurotic personal problems as an escape from the terrifying, insoluble "black holes" of the universe. Most of Allen's recent movies could have been called *Love and Death. Manhattan* is always witty, edgy, touching, despairing. We have been here before—a minor but necessary reservation while celebrating the latest work of this artist.

A Little Romance (Orion) brings George Roy Hill back to the mood of his film of 15 years ago, *The World of Henry Orient*. He showed then, and he shows now, a delicate and humorous appreciation of pubescent children, surprising in the director of he-man films like *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid, Slap Shot*, and *The Sting*. *A Little Romance* is a fable of two seventh graders, an American girl and a French boy, who fall in love in Paris and run off together to Italy chaperoned (as they suppose) by an aging French diplomat.

This outline is not likely to send *Saturday Review* readers charging off to the theater. But the film is redeemed from mawkishness by Allan Burns's light and funny script and by the enchanting performance of Diane Lane as the young beauty with an IQ of 167 and a passion for Heidegger. Theolonious Bernard is agreeable as the French boy, and Sir Laurence Olivier has a not altogether discreditable field day as the old Frenchman. Hill's direction is brisk and acerbic. *A Little Romance* has some of the noncloying fairy-tale quality of a movie of old like *Roman Holiday*. It is no *Manhattan*, but it makes a pleasing evening in a conventional style.

—Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.

Lane and Bernard enjoying a little romance.

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Styron's Stingo

by Robert Alter

Sophie's Choice
by William Styron
Random House, 515 pp., $12.95

FRANCES JETTER

FROM THE beginning of his career, William Styron, with the echoing fictional edifices of Joyce, Faulkner, and Wolfe as his models, has been a writer boldly committed to ambitious undertakings. *Sophie's Choice*, however, his first novel since *The Confessions of Nat Turner* (1967), is in several respects his most ambitious book. In it he tries to address himself simultaneously to some of the fundamental issues of his own life as a writer and to a central dilemma of the moral history of our century. The novel he has shaped to confront these urgent questions is remarkably compelling, eloquent at its best, but not altogether satisfying—perhaps chiefly because the intertwined stories of a writer's coming of age and the meditation on the horrors of the Nazi death camps generate more static than resonance between them.

The first-person narrator, identified only by the nickname Stingo, would appear to reflect the autobiographical facts of Styron's life with considerable literalness. Like Styron, he was born in the Virginia Tidewater country in 1925, served in the Marines during World War II, attended Duke University, and in 1947 (at the beginning of the novel) arrives in New York where he begins work on a large first novel that in plot, manner, and intention sounds very like *Lie Down in Darkness* (1951), though it is given another title here. In this retrospective narrative, told from his vantage point as a mature and successful writer, Stingo alludes in passing to a brief second novel based on his military experience—clearly *The Long March* (1953)—and repeatedly mentions his fascination with Nat Turner's slave-rebellion, which finally issued, so he informs us, in a 1967 novel that stirred vehement national debate. Of Styron's published works, only *Set This House on Fire* for some reason is not alluded to.

Styron rather consciously represents

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himself in his fictional surrogate Stingo as a Young Man from the Provinces: an inexperienced small-town Southerner among Northern urbanites; a youth with a traditional genteel literary education among psychoanalytically minded New York intellectuals; and, above all, a Christian among Jews. The basic structure of the novel, then, is an attempted movement from the periphery to the center. Superficially, this involves geographical displacement—from Virginia to Manhattan, then to the heart of Jewish Brooklyn, where Stingo takes up residence in a rooming house maintained by one Yetta Zimmerman and becomes intimately involved with Nathan Landau, a brilliant, manic, hostile, paternally affectionate intellectual eight years his senior. More essentially, the movement from the circumference is a moral and an imaginative one. What Stingo finds at the center, during this long mid-century moment of his initiation to adulthood, is a reality too obscene to be conceived by the mental equipment his comfortable Southern boyhood has given him.

Nathan, as a Jew, is periodically obsessed with the Holocaust. His beautiful blonde mistress, Sophie Zawistowska, who also lives in the rooming house, and whom he alternately adores and abuses hideously, has herself lived through the Holocaust, interned at Auschwitz not for her race—she is a lapsed Polish Catholic of eminently "Nordic" appearance—but for trying to smuggle a ham into Warsaw for her sick mother. Sophie's identity as a Christian victim of the Nazis serves both a psychological and a thematic purpose in Stingo's story. He falls hopelessly in love with her and soon becomes her confidant in matters of her personal history about which she has been reticent even with Nathan. Through this lovely woman with the blue numbers of the bureaucracy of death tatooed on her arm, Stingo makes contact with the ultimate horror, all the more readily because he can identify with her as Southerner with Pole (both offspring of proud but conquered lands) and as one kind of ex-Christian with another. Thematically, Sophie's presence at the heart of this evocation of the Holocaust enables Styron to make the polemic point that the evil of Nazism was by no means directed against Jews alone and that they differed from the others, as one character is made to say, by being also "the victims of victims." Styron argues that the very rationale of Nazism was an unending, dehumanizing process of enslavement and mass murder: first the Jews, then, had there been time, the Slavs and still others. It is an argument worth attending to, even if it may give insufficient weight to the very special eschatalogical fury with which the Nazis singled out the whole Jewish people for destruction.

Styron's novelistic strategy for approaching the abysmal center of recent European history is a simplified version of the technique of oblique multiple narration Faulkner used to move gradually toward the core of racial blight of Southern history in *Absalom, Absalom!* Sophie's tale is told in overlapping fragments, occasionally in her own words but by and large through Stingo's reconstruction, which bring us gradually closer to the final revelation of the unspeakable choice that the Nazis forced her to make. There are a good many moments when this procedure of narrative mediation works brilliantly: The American writer cannot presume to see the horror directly, but he can intimate its awful magnitude by imagining how it looked through the eyes of a figure who was there, desperately wishing she did not see what was around her. Thus Sophie, glancing out from a window in the house of Auschwitz Commandant Rudolf Höss, where she is briefly employed as a secretary, tries to "blot out of her sight the fragmentary and flickering apparitions which from this vantage point registered only imperfectly, like the grainy shadow-shapes in an antique silent newsreel: a rifle butt raised skyward, dead bodies being yanked from boxcar doors, a papier-mâché human being bullied to the earth."

Through this lovely woman Stingo makes contact with the ultimate horror.

Unfortunately, the execution of this plan of embedded narration is flawed in a number of ways. To begin with, Styron, conscious of the moral extremity of his subject, strains too hard to produce intensities. In the European scenes, this is sometimes reflected in a melodramatic contrivance of details. I realize that I am touching here on a sensitive question of moral and aesthetic tact, but to me, at least, it seems like a sentimental contrivance for a novelist to describe to us, with all our nightmarish knowledge of those mountains of slaughtered children, a little girl being marched off to the gas clutching her flute in one hand and her one-eyed teddy in the other. Stylistically, the striving for intensity results in an overwrought quality that mars a good deal of the prose, whether Styron is writing about Sophie among the Nazis or Stingo coming of age intellectually and sexually. There are abundant Faulkneresque epithets of ultimacy like "immemorial" and "perdurable," an occasional touch of D.H. Lawrence ("now the fire ... blazed to the core of herself, somewhere near the womb"), but, most pervasively, a tendency to hopped-up language that is either cliché, or grotesque overstatement, or even plain redundancy. Survivors writing about the Holocaust "have tried to limn the totally infernal in their heart's blood," just as Stingo produces his first novel "by spilling quarts of [his] heart's blood"; he dreads loneliness like "the onset of some terminal disease," finds his emotions in "a dark tangle," notes Sophie's compulsion "to scrape out the rest of her appalling and inconceivable past to its bottommost dregs."

Beyond such effusions of style and detail, there are two aspects of the framing narrative that tend to interfere with the central vision of history gone awry. One is Nathan's evident psychopathology and, perhaps, Sophie's as well. This magnetic intellectual turns out to be a paranoid schizophrenic, and one wonders whether his response to the Holocaust, his treatment of the dismayingly compliant Sophie do not constitute a rather special case from which it is impermissible to generalize as Styron would have Stingo generalize. More blatantly, the painful, dubiously comic efforts of the 22-year old Stingo to disembarrass himself of his virginity—efforts to which an inordinate number of pages is devoted—progressively detract from the seriousness of the moral issues pursued in Sophie's story. I cannot think of a recent novel that is so compromised artistically by exercising the full prerogatives of the new sexual candor. All these post-adolescent erotic imaginings at the foreground of the novel may faithfully reflect aspects of the novelist's recollected experience, but autobiography has to work for the novel, not for itself, and it is hard to see how such concentration on a writhing priapic Stingo helps us grasp the novel's subject of absolute evil. The penultimate moment of the book, Stingo's long-postponed sexual initiation by Sophie, is more a beautiful masturbatory fantasy than a credible novelistic scene. With a little ingenuity, of course, one might find a "symbolic" justification, but the tenor of the scene, and of others like it, seems all wrong.

Styron has obviously devoted much careful reading and much serious reflection to the implications of the Hitler years, and he has made a daring effort to focus his vision of that awful time through the lens of autobiographical fiction. There are flashes of probing perception, and the narrative itself is constantly absorbing, but finally the ties between personal frame and historical subject do not quite hold.

Robert Alter is the author, most recently, of Defenses of the Imagination *and of a critical biography of Stendhal, to be published by Basic Books in October.*

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Occupied With Fear

The Four Days of Naples
by Aubrey Menen
Seaview/Simon & Schuster
273 pp., $9.95

Naples '44
by Norman Lewis
Pantheon, 206 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by Ted Morgan

THESE TWO BOOKS dovetail nicely. Aubrey Menen focuses on the four-day uprising of the street boys in September 1943, while Norman Lewis arrived in Naples a week later with British forces and kept a diary during the year he spent there. But except for being about the same city in a consecutive time span, *The Four Days of Naples* and *Naples '44* have nothing in common. One is a reconstruction of events in the heroic mode, the other is an eye-witness account of day-to-day life in a great ruined city where the Allies have replaced the Germans as occupiers. One is a cartoon, like the patriotic illustrations for schoolchildren that the French call *images d'epinal*, the other is a Goya, powerful and bizarre.

Aubrey Menen, who usually approaches his Italian subjects with a kind of skeptical affection that comes from long years of residence in Rome, here adopts the voice of the detached narrator, in the style pioneered by Cornelius Ryan and developed by Collins and Lapierre. It is a style that leaves no room for the personal tone that makes his other books shine.

Worse, his material is thin, repetitious, and predictable. The first time a 14-year-old boy throws a Molotov cocktail at a German tank the reader applauds, but the tenth time he yawns, and begins to suspect he is reading the subtitles to an Italian propaganda movie. The heroic street boy dodging German gunfire in back alleys is no less a figure from central casting than the frustrated German commander banging his fist on the desk. The boys perform their feats of derring-do and vanish from the scene, as interchangeable as the paving blocks they piled for their barricades.

The allies had landed at Salerno, 35 miles south of Naples, and were moving north when, on September 28, the insurrection began. The German commander, Colonel Scholl, had made the mistake of trying to recruit the male population of Naples for a national work force and thus sparked the uprising. For four days, numerous Neapolitans, spearheaded by gangs of boys, fought the occupier. They seemed to have won a major victory, for the Germans evacuated the city. In fact, however it was not the street fighting that forced them out—they were under orders to withdraw because of the advancing British troops.

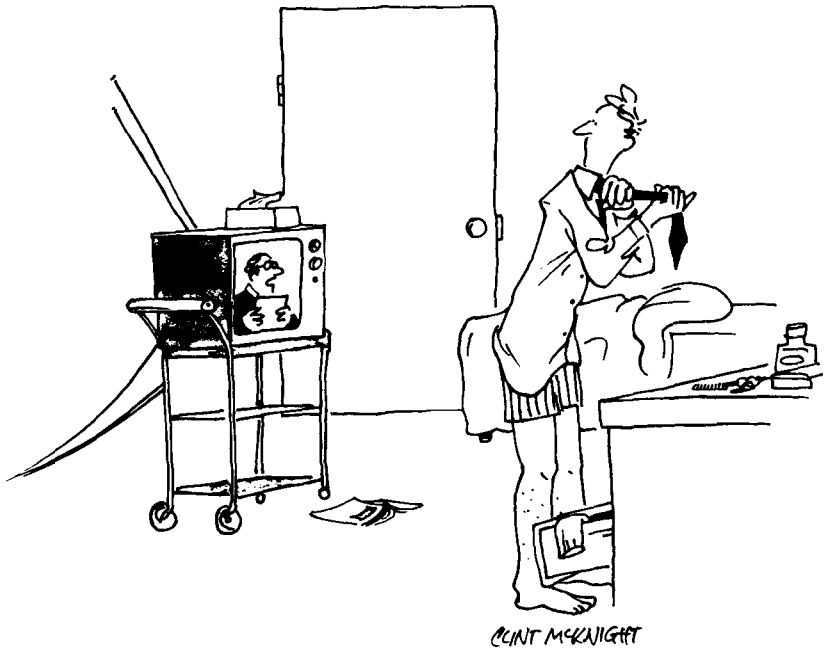
With or without the uprising, the allies would have marched into Naples in October. All that the *scugnizzi* (the intrepid street boys) accomplished was to give the Germans a good excuse to destroy Naples before they left. Menen strains to turn this episode of questionable merit into a glorious feat of arms. He insists, for instance, that the *scugnizzi* invented the technique of urban guerrilla warfare, which will come as a surprise to anyone who has studied the French Revolution.

What is missing from his book—a sense of the true and varied behavior of an urban population in wartime—is exactly what Norman Lewis provides in *Naples '44*, although I do not for a moment believe that it is the diary he kept at the time. If it is, why did he wait more than 30 years to publish it? The prose is too crafted, too shaped and burnished, for end-of-the-day jottings. I suspect that the diary was a blueprint from which he constructed his book, after sifting the material for three decades in a corner of his mind, thereby combining the immediacy of the diary form with an understanding that comes only long after the passing of the event.

When the Allies entered Naples, and occupied the same palazzos the Germans had just evacuated, Norman Lewis was a British soldier assigned to the Field Security Police, a unit that kept tabs on the civilian population, which gave him entree into the homes and lives of Neapolitans. He worked on the suspect file, arrested known fascists, and ended up specializing in the investigation of women whom Allied servicemen planned to marry. He employed the same informers who had worked for the Germans and now offered their services to the Allies.

Naples, a city that had ignored and overcome all conquerors, lay in ruins, its population struggling to adapt to conditions that resembled life in the Dark Ages. Thousands of persons, driven by hunger, roamed through the countryside in search of edible plants. The Allies, in arriving, gave Neapolitans the keys to survival, by stimulating prostitution and theft. Out of a nubile female population of 150,000, it was estimated that 42,000 women were engaged in prostitution. Sixty-five percent of the per capita income of Neapolitans derived from transactions in stolen army supplies, in which the *scugnizzi* were just as active as they had been in the four-day uprising. American penicillin was openly sold in Neapolitan pharmacies, and tailors converted British Army long underwear into track suits. In their less than honorable way, the Allies got the city's economy going again. The Allied Military Government, says Lewis, protected the black market, and its commander, Colonel Charles Poletti, had as his *consigliere* one Vito Genovese.

The organization of the black market and the mafia's wartime role are, however, peripheral themes. Lewis's main concern is with the people of Naples as they obey the first principle of a great calamity: Life continues. He visits homes where fine crystal and porcelain are brought out to keep up appearances



"The Food and Drug Administration today banned all forms of physical activity when five laboratory rats became, quote, 'super tired' after running on their wheel for a few hours."

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Naples lay in ruins, but its people survived.

in the midst of misery. He sees squalid little crimes committed daily, a priest selling ornaments carved from saints' bones stolen from the catacombs, a mother prostituting her teen-age daughter: "...she had a revolting scale of fees for these services. For example, the girl would strip and display her pubescent organs for twenty lire."

As he picks his way through the city's human debris, Lewis makes friends with such citizens as Vincente Lattarullo, "a man steeped in the knowledge of the ways of Naples." Lattarullo, then an unemployed lawyer, had in normal times made a modest living as a *Zio di Roma*—the "uncle from Rome" who lent elegance to a funeral by arriving behind the wheel of an Alfa-Romeo, dressed in a morning-coat with a Crown of Italy ribbon in the lapel, "to temper with his restrained and dignified condolence the theatrical display of Neapolitan grief."

Lewis begins to see that like the *Zio di Roma*, Neapolitans maintain an essential dignity in the most trying circumstances. They have a code of behavior, a tradition of civility, a courage and generosity of spirit that command his admiration even as he uncovers, in the course of his duties, their schemes and dishonesties. He comes to realize that, unlike his own countrymen, Neapolitans are able to live, and indeed to thrive, in the heart of a contradiction. They remain pure in heart at the same time that they adopt the doctrine of *se arrangi*, which means roughly that the will to survive is hard to regulate.

He comes to realize also that all the things that he blamed on the tragedy of war were in fact the aggravation of an old and familiar plight. Naples had always had its pauper-noblemen, its distinguished but unemployed lawyers, its women who exchanged sexual favors for a meal, and its street boys who fished coins out of the harbor. Over the centuries, the city became a proving-ground for calamity.

And so, in observing that Neapolitans make the best of a sorry situation, Lewis becomes the accomplice of the people he is supposed to police. He, the occupier, finds himself sympathizing with the occupied. His fellow soldier Frazer cannot understand why he must share his mistress, Lola, with a second Italian lover. Lewis explains that Lola must think of the future, when Frazer will be gone. The first instinct of a defeated people is the hedging instinct.

Taking a new attitude toward his work, Lewis starts writing marriage reports that are calculated to advance the women's cause. His superiors, who suspect he's gone soft on the natives, send out a second investigator, whose reports countermand Lewis's, and jeopardize the girls' chances for marriage. "The FSO," he writes, "was in no doubt now as to the divergence in our attitudes towards Italy and the Italians."

Transferred to Port Said, Egypt, in October 1944, Lewis left Italy a changed man. First, he had seen a depth of suffering that knew no alleviation. Once, watching six little blind girls from an orphanage crying as they held on to one another, he observed: "The experience changed my outlook. Until now I had clung to the comforting belief that human beings eventually come to terms with pain and sorrow. Now I understand I was wrong, and like Paul I suffered a conversion—but to pessimism. These little girls, any one of whom could be my daughter, came into the restaurant weeping, and they were weeping when they were led away. I knew that, condemned to everlasting darkness, hunger, and loss, they would weep on incessantly. They would never recover from their pain, and I would never recover from the memory of it."

At the same time, he would remember just as keenly the many ways in which the people of Naples had risen from the ashes: "A year among the Italians had converted me to such an admiration for their humanity and culture that I realized that were I given the chance to be born again and to choose the place of my birth, Italy would be the country of my choice."

It is this awareness of the duality of wartime experience—that it inflicts a degree of pain too great for relief but also brings out the latent greatness of a people—that makes *Naples '44* such a remarkable book. If for some reason I were limited to owning no more than 10 books on World War II, Lewis's would be one of them.

Ted Morgan's biography of W. Somerset Maugham will be published in February of next year.

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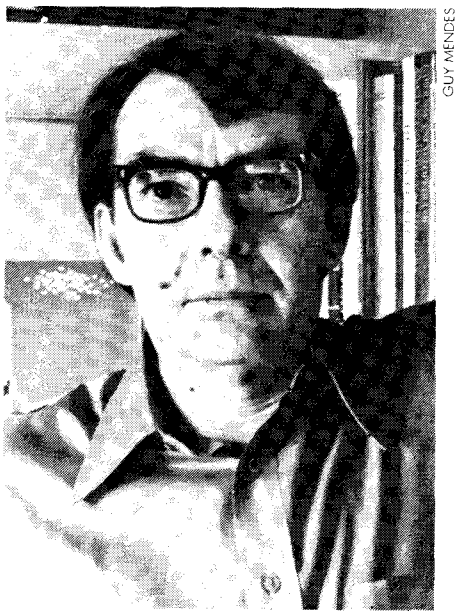
Books in Brief



GUY MENDES

Distinguished Davenport.

Da Vinci's Bicycle
Ten Stories by Guy Davenport
Johns Hopkins
185 pp., $12.95 cloth, $4.95 paper

IN A RECENT interview, Guy Davenport, the distinguished critic and short-story writer, asserted that he does not write stories but "assemblages of history and necessary fiction." This is a complicated way of saying "historical fiction." Indeed, almost everything about *Da Vinci's Bicycle,* Davenport's new collection, is complicated. Writing in the tradition of Joyce, Pound, Beckett, and Eliot (all of whom appear in allusions or as actual characters), Davenport mixes chronologies, tones, voices, languages, and chunks of other learned books to create dizzying collages that are often impressive in their cleverness and intricacy, but sometimes wearying in their self-conscious erudition.

In several passages, both qualities appear at once. Of a balloon trip he writes, "It was like striding over a sea of gelatin, that bell-stroke swing of our nacelle through the rack of the upper air on elastic wicker, wind thrumming the frapping with the elation of Schumann strings *allegro molto vivace.*" One admires the musical effect but resents the musical analogy. Schumann doesn't sound any more like balloons than Stravinsky ("The crickets sing around us, fine as Stravinsky") sounds like crickets.

The best stories, ironically, are the simplest. In "Ithaka" we meet an anguished Ezra Pound, back from the asylum for the criminally insane, "old as Titian, old as Walter Savage Landor, glaring and silent, standing in gondolas in Venice like some ineffably old Chinese court poet in exile .... " In "The Wooden Dove of Archytas," an ancient Greek narrative involving the ascension of a steam-operated dove is juxtaposed with a 19th-century tale of sorcery in which American Indians and blacks watch a dove's soul soar from a matchbox. With its double crescendo and deftly orchestrated imagery, the story carries the reader to some nice heights too.

It is appropriate that these enticingly experimental stories are about explorers and pioneers. At his best, Davenport belongs in the same company as his "foragers" of language and experience.

—JACK SULLIVAN

Aaron Burr: The Years from Princeton to Vice President, 1756-1805
by Milton Lomask
Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 480 pp., $17.50

HE MAY BE American history's foremost cardboard villain: the conniver who supposedly tried to rob Jefferson of the presidency, the diabolical slayer of Hamilton. The stereotype is inaccurate; it has also been challenged before. From 19th-century historian James Parton to novelist Gore Vidal, writers have sought to redress the historical balance. Milton Lomask, in this first volume of a projected two-volume biography, is only the latest to seek "the real Aaron Burr."

Alas, while attempting to dispel the myths, Lomask has misplaced the man. All the facts are here—the distinguished heritage, the flamboyant military, legal, and political careers, the extravagant living—but the personality who engaged and enraged, enthralled and appalled several generations is difficult to discern through this thicket of specifics. Lomask's bland Burr is a Chesterfieldian gentleman who, despite some flair for juggling factions and winning elections, misunderstood the changing politics of his increasingly ideological age. Unfortunately, despite the many recent studies of the new nation's politics and party system, Lomask doesn't seem to understand them, either.

Lomask's failure to find the real Aaron Burr, combined with his inability to place Burr precisely within the larger political context of his time, makes this biography redundant. While Lomask supplies some new details, there is not much here that Nathan Schachner, another Burr biographer, didn't know 40 years ago. This book provides altogether too much ammunition for those who lament that history may not repeat itself, but historians repeat one another.

—LUTHER SPOEHR

I Love: The Story of Vladimir Mayakovsky and Lili Brik
by Ann and Samuel Charters
Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 411 pp., $12.50

VLADIMIR MAYAKOVSKY and Lili Brik, a sculptor and a dancer, became lovers in Petrograd in 1915, after her three-year marriage to the critic Osip Brik turned into a platonic friendship. The three lived compatibly together for years as the Briks encouraged Mayakovsky to develop his mercurial gifts, foreseeing that he would one day be acclaimed as the leading Russian poet of the Revolution. Onstage he must have been another Chaliapin, all steel and fire, proclaiming his brash and honeyed lyrics in a tremendous bass voice. Yet he was boyishly submissive to Lili, and as easily wounded and possessive as she was elusive and free. Separations for her were refreshing interludes, for him they were bleak despair.

Ann and Samuel Charters explore the dynamics of their intense affair through its many changes in this fascinating account of the tension between artistic freedom and political obedience in a seismic era, the last few czarist years and the early Soviet state, and they tell how a maverick Futurist poet came to be accepted even by the prosy Stalin. Throughout the book, clear translations

Elusive Lili, possessive Vladimir (1915).

of segments of Mayakovsky's innovative plays and verse reflect his emotional complexities and his ambiguous ties to his government. Foremost among the new sources are recent lengthy interviews with Lili Brik herself, who died last year at 86, and with several of the couple's closest friends.

The chapters on Mayakovsky's turbulent last months in 1930 are among the most deeply affecting in the book. Significantly, it was during a separation from Lili that he shot himself at age 36. Three words in his suicide letter repeat a plea he had voiced countless times in letters, telegrams, and in his creative work: "Lili, love me."

—JOHN FLUDAS

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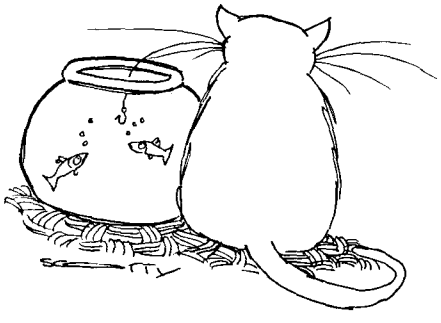
The Troves of Academe

WHAT DO the following books have in common? *Long Day's Journey Into Night*, *Lacrosse: Technique and Tradition*, *Life in the English Country House*, *The Brothers Mann*, *Sociobiology*, *The Book of Merlyn*, *The New Columbia Encyclopedia*, and *Roughing It Easy*? Give up? They are all university-press books and they are all best sellers. For example, Mark Girouard's splendid *Life in the English Country House*, published last year by Yale University Press, has over 100,000 copies in print. Obviously, university presses aren't just for academics any more—if they ever were.

In general, university-press books lead the industry in their commitment to deep and abiding cultural values. They also lead in quality of graphic design and standards of manufacturing, in critical review before publication, and in textual accuracy. "But best sellers are not our business," says Arthur Rosenthal, director of the Harvard University Press (publishers of Edward O. Wilson's *Sociobiology* and several other financially successful books). They are in fact very few and far between in university publishing, and most of them are fortunate flukes, according to Chester Kerr, the retired but hardly retiring head of the Yale press, who has sponsored suspiciously more than chance would seem to allow. Best sellers aside, however, one of the most notable publishing trends of the last five to 10 years is the increasing number of new books of relatively general interest that are showing up on university-press lists. Just looking at this past spring's offerings I note such titles as *The Last Chance Energy Book*, by Owen Phillips (Johns Hopkins), a general analysis of the current crisis that is, according to the publisher, also "for the reader who is now left wondering what he or she can do—even on a small scale—to cut personal energy consumption (and cost) in half"; *The Plains Across*, by John D. Unruh, Jr. (Illinois University Press), a lavishly illustrated, full-scale saga, and a History Book Club selection; and *Decorate for Living*, by Phyllis S. Allen (Brigham Young University Press), a straightforward, aesthetic, and practical how-to book that Scribner's, among others, might have been delighted to do.



Not that most of these and others like them are not serious, scholarly expositions. The primary mission of university publishers, as every press official will emphasize, is essentially the same as that of their sponsoring institutions: to advance knowledge and perpetuate it to posterity. (The latter may be one reason why you can actually get from these presses most of the books they have *ever* published.) As J.G. Goellner, director of the Johns Hopkins press and president of the Association of American University Presses says, "The scholarly book, not the popular book, remains the stock in trade of the university presses." So the preponderance of current books still have titles like *The Politics of Rural Russia*, 1905-1914 (Indiana) or *The Measurement of Psychological States Through the Content Analysis of Verbal Behavior* (California).

Though the approximately 100 university presses account for only 11 percent of the total number of books published here annually, Jack Putnam of American University Press Services asserts that they are now responsible for over half of the serious nonfiction books published annually. They have claimed over one quarter of the National Book Award winners in nonfiction since the beginning of those awards. And today the presses are sponsoring more works of imaginative literature—not just new poetry, which they have long supported, but also fiction. Chicago, Louisiana, and Pittsburgh, among others, have experimented with original novels. Johns Hopkins has begun a new venture in poetry and short stories, and Harvard has announced a new program in the short novel, whose first fruits are expected next year.

Why are university presses publishing more books of wider appeal along with their scholarly offerings? First, many books that university presses consider "general interest" would be considered "too special" by trade publishers. Established trade houses used to be happy to sponsor quite a few of these books, but now feel they can afford to take on only books of which they can expect to sell at least 10,000 copies. Sheldon Meyer, vice president and executive editor of trade books for the Oxford University Press, states plainly that the trade houses "have virtually abandoned the traditional, serious, nonfiction book," and that "if the university presses don't publish them, they may not be published at all." As William Goodman, formerly of Harcourt Brace Jovanovich and, significantly, the first general editor at Harvard, says, "We feel a cultural obligation to those serious works of scholarly merit that trade publishers would probably have done some years ago." Naturally, as Mr. Goodman is quick to point out, a number of trade houses still sponsor some first-rate scholarly nonfiction, but it is for the most part by "name" authors.

The other main reason for the cultivation of more widely appealing books by university presses is, of course, as Mr. Kerr disarmingly suggests, "Such books can probably sell a lot more copies than the usual press book." University presses, which are "not for profit," are subsidized by institutions, virtually all of which are feeling the economic pinch we all are. Thus the universities are in need of any surplus the presses can return to them. At the same time, libraries, which account for half of university-press sales, have cut their spending on books. Therefore, as the recently released, long-awaited Report of the National Enquiry on Scholarly Communications says, "Nothing would serve the cause of scholarly publishing better than a substantial increase in the number of copies sold of every title."

And why not? Why shouldn't the university presses do more and do well? As the National Enquiry Report says, "It is not money that makes them matter.... It is the nature of what they publish." If some trade publishers resent the presses because of their "unfair tax advantage," then let these publishers scale down or otherwise change their ways and do more of the books they claim they "really care about." Though the university presses are not financially competitive with the trade houses, they are—now that they are open to more general-interest books—offering a real publishing alternative for both authors and readers. More power to their elbow.

—Walter Arnold

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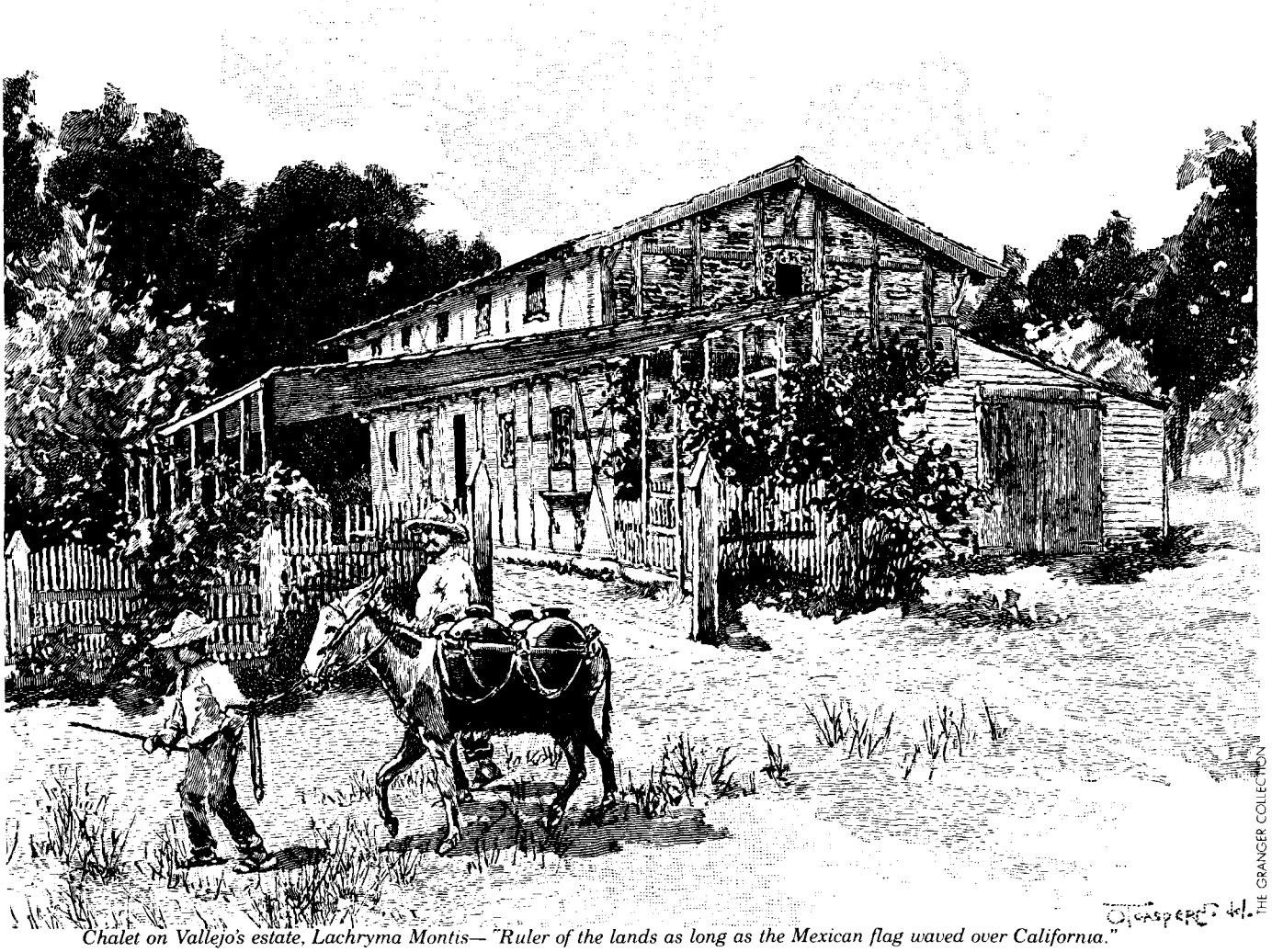

Chalet on Vallejo's estate, Lachryma Montis— "Ruler of the lands as long as the Mexican flag waved over California."

THE SPECTER of Mariano Guadelupe Vallejo hangs as heavy as the summer sun over the sleepy square of Sonoma in the winelands of the Napa Valley, north of San Francisco. It is hard to imagine that anything of more import than the plucking of a guitar or the sampling of the local grape ever took place here. But Sonoma Plaza, with its early California relics still standing on the perimeters that Vallejo laid out in 1834, was the epicenter for international hugger-mugger that was to involve the Mexicans, the Russians, and the expansionist, muscle-flexing, young United States.

Strange to say, some of the fractiousness implicit in the dressing-down given to President Carter by President José Lopez Portillo when they met at Mexico City some months ago, had its origins in the events that unfolded at this sleepy square over 130 years ago.

Vallejo, a bright young cadet from Monterey, California, and then a heralded Indian fighter, commanded the presidio at San Francisco when he was 24. In 1833, at 26, Governor José Figueroa sent him north with a two pronged mission. He was to encourage Mexican settlements in the fertile valleys and at the same time to arrest the progress of the Russian posts that had been established at Bodega and Fort Ross. The Russian interest, initially confined to the Aleutians and to the colony they had established at Sitka, Alaska, had now ranged south, drawn by the green California valleys as well as by the sea otter trade.

Fathoming the Russian intentions in California was part of his mission, too, but whereas Vallejo got along well with the Russians, he ran athwart of the mission fathers who had established their most northern outpost at Sonoma in 1823. They were proselyting the Indians and they didn't want more Mexican settlers in the valleys.

The next year Figueroa sent Vallejo north once more, this time as military commander and director of colonization of the northern frontier. His orders were to assume command of the Sonoma mis-

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THE GRANGER COLLECTION

Vallejo— "Fathoming Russian intentions."

sion, set free the Indians who labored there, and declare the mission a parish church. The frontier of New Spain would be pushed to new northern limits and it would not brook opposition from the Russians. All trade with the settlements at Fort Ross and Bodega were to cease.

As an encouragement Figueroa gave Vallejo what amounted to 44,000 acres in the Petaluma Valley, which he could cultivate as his private ranchland. A new governor arriving in 1836 named Vallejo commanding general of all Mexican military forces in California. From his home on the plaza at Sonoma, Vallejo directed military operations, awarded land grants, and, as the wealthiest and most powerful citizen, was the ruler of the lands north of San Francisco as long as the Mexican flag waved over California.

When in 1841 the Russians elected to give up their bases at Bodega and Fort Ross, Vallejo's mission seemed fulfilled. Yet, the Russian abdication inspired adventurous ideas in others and five years later a small band of Americans roared into Sonoma, captured the mission, and jailed Vallejo at Sutter's Fort. These Bear Flaggers raised their own colors over Sonoma and declared California a free and independent republic. The U.S. flag was, soon thereafter, flying over California. Freed and permitted to return home, Vallejo found his effects scattered and his horses and cattle rustled by the Bear Flaggers and the troops of Captain John C. Fremont. Vallejo was 39, and although he held vast acreage and was to be elected to the California legislature, it was downhill after that.

The Indian servants' wing of Casa Grande, Vallejo's first home, still stands, the main house having been destroyed by fire in 1867. But the Mission San Francisco Solano de Sonoma, restored, is intact on the square. The mission church, decorated by Christianized Indians, is painted in many colors, the pulpit finished in blue, green, and red. Liturgical music filters through the hall, and weddings are still held here. When the grapes are picked in the fall, it is the center of Sonoma's vintage festival. The Blue Wing Inn, built by Vallejo in 1840 as a sanctuary for travelers and newly arrived settlers, endures too. Still surviving are two homes built by the general's brother, Salvadore, one of which became the Swiss Hotel late in the 19th century.

In 1850 Vallejo moved from Casa Grande, his home on the plaza where all his 11 children had been born and where he and his brother were first confronted by the Bear Flaggers. Half a mile from the plaza he built his estate, Lachryma Montis, a name he had translated into Latin from the Indians who had called the spring-fed land, Crying Mountain. The spring flowed into a pool which he surrounded with a vine-covered arbor. He planted fruit trees and grape vines, building a storehouse for his produce and for his wine.

Half a century after Vallejo planted his grapes another vintner arrived. This was Samuele Sebastiani who had been born in the Piedmont section of Italy at a date he never really knew. Arriving in New York, he went to work at Mama Leone's restaurant until he had accumulated enough money to cross the country to California. He had relatives in the valley digging in the quarry for the cobblestones that would pave San Francisco. But Samuele had heard about Vallejo and how the mission fathers had planted vines for sacramental wine and how the general had planted 5,000 acres in grapes. In 1904 he had scraped together enough to buy the old mission vineyard. That didn't leave him money for fancy shelter so to keep warm he slept in the barn with the horse.

The first year he made 500 gallons of wine, put it into bottles encased in wicker and sold it to the quarry workers and restaurants. There were, he remembered, lots of Italians in New York, so he journeyed across country again on the wooden seats and sold his wine by offering samples.

Samuele carried his bank balance in his head and when the numbers got large enough he turned to building, paving Sonoma's streets and putting up homes for his employees. The Sebastiani name appeared all over town, and at one time Samuele owned the theater, a skating rink, bowling alley, motel, hotel, cannery, and apartment houses.

But it was the wine that came first, and when Samuele's son August took over he was well prepared as a vintner. Even so the Sebastianis didn't buy the equipment and begin bottling under the family name until the mid-1950s. They began to win medals at the Sacramento State Fair and the Los Angeles County Fair. At 28 fairs they won 27 top awards, primarily for red wines. Five years ago they went into white wine.

S. Sebastiani — "Buying mission vines."

Two sons and a son-in-law are in the business now, along with August who still appears in his familiar blue overalls. It is a family business which, they like to say, was established in 1825 because that is when the mission fathers put in the first vines. Some 300,000 visitors come each year to see how Sebastiani makes wine. They flow through the winery at the heels of guides and they end, pleasurably, in the sampling room. Some make their way to the restaurant called Au Relais to dine in style on cassoulet, navarin of lamb, or, closer to the Sebastiani style of cuisine, escalope of veal Marsala. Zuppa Inglese is the dessert and, if not that, hot apples and blackberries. Sebastiani is often the wine, descended from grapes the padres first planted.

—Horace Sutton

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Beer Wars

NOW HERE IS the ultimate quiz to test the sports fan's self-image:

1. You've just passed the bar exam. In a cheery, downtown restaurant you meet a kindly gray-haired gentleman who purports to be your father. When he tries to get the waiter's attention, you deftly cut him off. "Hey, what's going on?" he wants to know. You reply, "I'm buying dinner for the guy who put me through law school." What do you order?
2. When you say _____, you've said it all.
3. Willie Mays, Jerry West, George Blanda, Bobby Hull, and Mario Andretti are beckoning you to "come, come" into a certain circle. Whose circle is it?
4. For days, you've fought the mountain for a 90-ton slab of granite, and now's the moment when it comes swinging out, free and clear. You've got the time to celebrate something special. What time is it?
5. Just who is trying to take away your gusto?

If you automatically answered: 1) Steak and Lowenbrau, 2) Budweiser, 3) the Schaeffer Circle of Sports, 4) Miller Time and, 5) the unnamed enemies of Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., you're in worse shape than I thought: perhaps already eligible for the casualty list in the unprecedented conflict raging between brewing companies to determine which will dominate the industry. Beer and sports are, of course, old pals—I was weaned on the roundhouse voice of Yankees broadcaster Mel Allen drawling, "So make the three ring sign and ask the man for Ballantine." But no one dreamed back then of presenting an insulting stereotype of a working-class macho slob threatening the equivalent of "Drink Schlitz or I'll kill you."

During today's sports telecasts—programming with what Madison Avenue refers to as a "high male comp" (for composition) audience—the bombardment of beer spots has become so fierce as to reduce weekend fans to burping rubble by Sunday evening. The largest brewing concerns have laid siege to the network airwaves and are blasting away for all they're worth. Last year, Miller, A-B, Pabst, and Schlitz together spent an estimated $220 million on advertising.

Those athletic competitions which aren't directly sponsored by the beer concerns are promoted to death: "While maintaining our primary sports involvement in the areas of football, baseball, basketball, boxing, hockey, golf, and tennis," Anheuser-Busch's annual report tells us, "[the company] expanded into additional sports—soccer, sport fishing, sailing, rugby, auto racing, running, and jogging." Jogging! Is there anything more ridiculous than a brewery sponsoring a weekend jog for people who are probably trying to lose a few pounds because they guzzle too many sixpacks?

Alas, there is something more unseemly: Breweries elbowing each other to profit from the Olympics. As you may know, the *amateur* U.S. Olympics Committee—forced against its will to raise $26 million to pay for blazers and toothpaste—sells promotional shares to corporations. These coveted, fully tax deductible gifts give the company the right to use the U.S. Olympics symbol and "authorized language" in its advertising and packaging. For some reason, hard liquor, tobacco, and "feminine hygiene" products are excluded from corporate sponsorship, although it seems to me that feminine hygiene has as much to do with winning gold medals as beer does.

Nevertheless, the Olympics Committee says the money must be raised somehow, and the breweries are eager to oblige. Schlitz has purchased the exclusive right, for a highly secret several million dollars, to be the official sponsor of the 1980 national team. Miller Brewing, not to be outdone, came up with the idea of sponsoring the amateur governing bodies that select the U.S. ski, cycling, track, and boxing teams; it then signed a contract with NBC television, again for a secret sum, to be the exclusive beer sponsor on the Olympics telecasts from Moscow. With all the criticism there has been of the Soviet Union's atheistic subsidization of their international sports teams, perhaps we can now expect to see Vasily Krapotkin, his body blown out on state-supplied steroids, heaving the shotput 800 meters, crying, "*Zdravstvujte*! Now comes Miller timeski!"

Indeed, it has gotten past the point where that sportsmanlike term of the business world, "competition," any longer applies. What we have now is a knockdown, dragout Beer War, with companies intent on carving themselves a larger share of the beer-drinking market—through advertising blitzes if they can, but directly out of another brewer's flesh if need be. There is nothing fundamentally wrong with a brewery subsidizing sports. But sports become corrupt when they evolve into mere adjuncts of business practice. And in the monumental digression of the Beer War, sports promotion is just one theater of operation.

Take, for example, Miller Brewing Co., the company largely responsible for touching off the conflict. Miller is a subsidiary of Philip Morris, which can't advertise under the government ban on television cigarette commercials. So, the parent company decided a few years ago to toss its vast advertising budget Miller's way. Marketing profile of the average beer-drinker in hand (young, male, a sixpack-a-day, and notoriously disloyal to brands), Miller took off after the longtime brewing industry leader, Anheuser-Busch.

The contest first became apparent to most louts when TV suddenly stopped talking about the "champagne of bottled beers" and started the craven "salute-to-the-working-man" style ad campaign. ("You've strained the sternum all day stuffing those asbestos filters down into those hairdryers," etc.) Miller then furthered Western civilization by using former athletes in commercials: the famous one with Bubba Smith tearing the can apart to get at his brew and the tasteless one featuring an argument between the just-fired Billy Martin and George Steinbrenner over the qualities of Miller Lite. The effectiveness of Miller's blitz was stupendous: Miller has moved from ninth place to second.

But successful ad campaigns are no longer good enough. Miller president John Murphy has vowed to overtake Anheuser-Busch even if he has to put any number of smaller brewers out of business. As Miller's chief corporate fetishist, Murphy keeps a rug in his office with an A-B emblem on it, on which he is said to wipe his shoes every morning. Then he apparently sits down and thinks up new ways to screw the competition. A few months ago, for instance, his company filed a complaint with the FTC, charging Anheuser-Busch with deception in the use of the term "natural beechwood aging" in commecials for its number-one selling brand Budweiser. "We seriously doubt," Miller said in its brief, "that consumers understand 'beechwood aging' consists of dumping chemically treated lumber into a glass-lined or stainless steel beer storage tank." A shudder ran through the brewing industry, which has long guarded its brewing secrets.

The brewmaster of a hundred years ago may actually have been an aproned-

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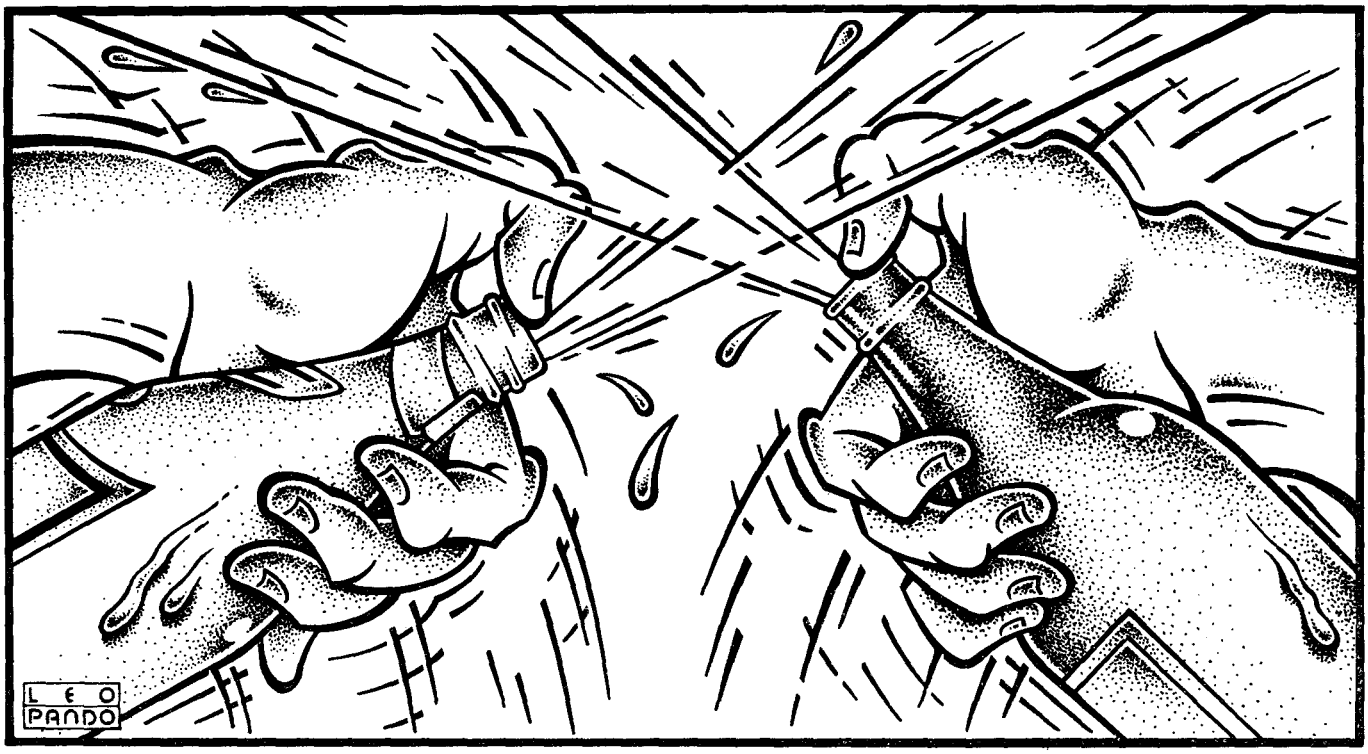

and-bearded Lucrezia Borgia. But now that he's a quaint folk figure we remember him as the proud fellow who produced a malt beverage of unassailable purity at popular prices. The public store of good will toward brewers is immense, but what if beer-drinkers began to wonder how the stuff was made?

Rather than respond with a full ingredient disclosure, however, Busch retaliated by initiating a whispering campaign, charging that Miller's clear bottles allow in light that would make a naturally brewed beer smell "skunky," and that in order to prevent skunking, Miller uses the catalyst boron hydride to chemically alter its hops. "Anheuser-Busch," the company boasted in a pamphlet handed out on Florida beaches, "uses a brown bottle to protect its beer from the damaging effect of light."

Meanwhile back at the top, the whole nexus of kickbacks, payoffs, and illegal cash inducements by which the giant brewers apparently do business is becoming unhinged as a result of the warfare. At least since the end of prohibition, brewers have supplied taverns, ball parks, and other retail beer outlets with various inducements to carry their brands on tap. The gifts run from winking neon signs to complete bar setups and scoreboards at the parks. The theory is that if the brewer can get you to sample his beer at the game, there's a sporting chance you won't think it's half bad, and next time you're in the supermarket you'll try a sixpack.

Given the state of warfare, however, the retailers have become avaricious. They're demanding cash handouts, and the beer concerns find themselves in the position of having to pay up or get shut out. "There's overwhelming evidence that all the large brewing companies have been paying outrageous amounts to retailers to get their beers on tap at public beer-stops," says a confidential source in the Milwaukee office of the United States Attorney. "We know that between 1964 and 1974, the period we investigated, there were cash payoffs or inducements at every major sports arena, stadium, and racetrack in the country. It's a common practice."

Thus far, only your Olympics sponsor beer has been criminally charged. In 1976, prosecutors said Schlitz had made payments totaling $3 million to get its products featured at such places as Veterans Stadium in Philadelphia, Wrigley Field in Chicago, Arlington Stadium in Texas—and at the biggest beer-stop, Chicago's O'Hare Airport. Last November, the Milwaukee brewer, faced with a 746-count case from the Justice Department, paid a $750,000 fine. This prompted William M. O'Shea, executive secretary of the Brewers' Association of America, an organization of small brewers struggling against the power of the giants, to tell this columnist, "What it amounts to is that the Schlitz brewery committed illegal acts. By paying $750,000, they secured for themselves a great volume of business."

Nor, it seems, is Schlitz alone. A grand jury in New York is currently looking into similar allegations that Miller made cash payoffs in the U.S. and abroad, although no indictments have been handed down as of this writing. In addition, the current Anheuser-Busch annual report notes that "the company is under investigation ... by the Department of Justice [there is a grand jury investigation pending] as a result of information disclosed in September 1976 regarding certain questionable marketing practices engaged in by the company in prior years." With competitive pressures mounting all the time, it may soon be true that the only honest brewer is a dead one.

The advertising blitzes, hurled insults, and payoff scandals of the great Beer War all point to some questions that serious sports fans and beer drinkers ought to consider. Why do you suppose it is that the beer makers are frothing to get at us? Why have they chosen, as their shill, sporting events—the few moments we have in life to relax, keep our minds on a game, and forget all about business? Could the unconscionable amounts the brewers are spending to promote their brands have something to do with the impression that the big five premium beers all taste identical? The small brewers complain that the cost of advertising beer through sports is prohibitive to them. They are being driven out of business: While there were 700 breweries reopening after prohibition, only 43 remain in business today, and that number is expected to go down to eight or 10 within the next decade.

The Beer War victors will play the proud publican bringing you the Superbowl, but by the time this war is over, advertising costs and payoffs will have become so expensive that only retired athletes will be able to afford a workingman's glass of draft. Is someone trying to steal your gusto?

—Jonathan Evan Maslow

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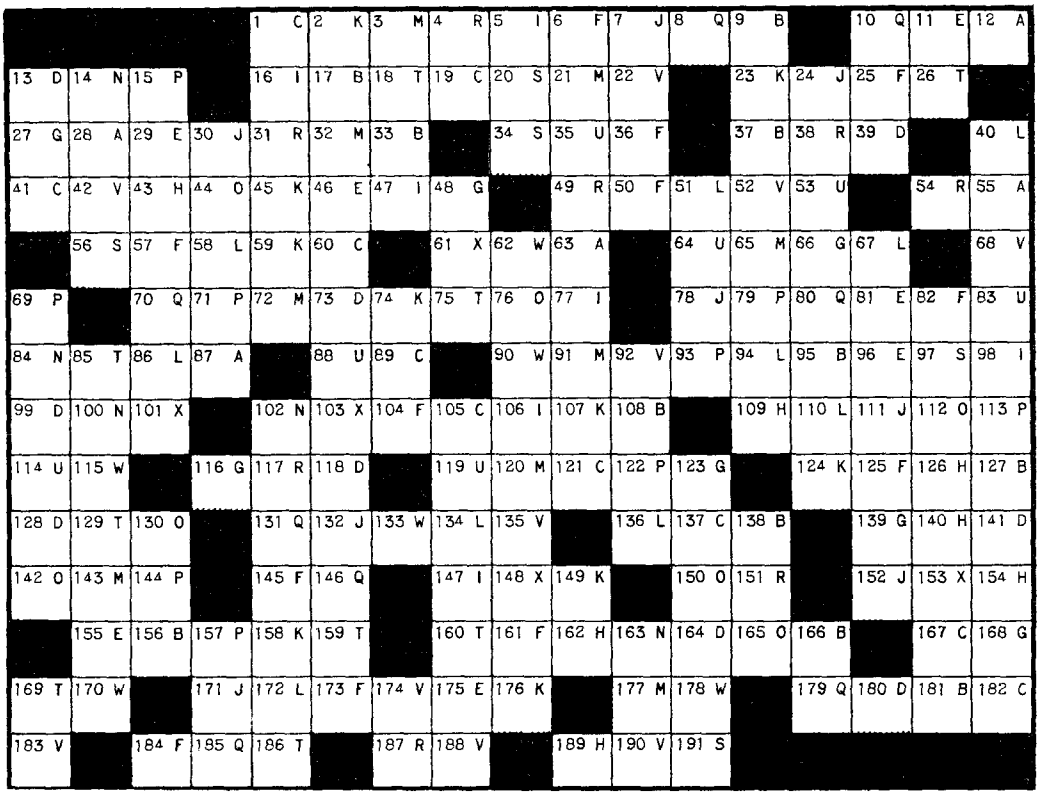
DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 175

by Thomas H. Middleton

Instructions:
If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle. Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.
The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.
The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.
You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.



Answer to Double-Crostic No. 174 appears on page 5.

CLUES

A. Trifling, trivial
12 28 55 63 87

B. Writer of popular verse (1881-1959; "Myself"; first, middle init., last names)
95 127 166 181 17 37 108 138 156
9 33

C. Squanders (2 wds.)
60 105 121 137 167 182 1 19 41 89

D. American war correspondent (1900-45; nickname and surname)
118 128 141 164 180 13 39 73 99

E. Ends, objectives
155 175 11 29 46 81 96

F. Verbal abuse; censure
25 57 82 125 173 6 36 50 104
145 161 184

G. Having a keen desire; eager
66 123 139 168 27 48 116

H. Mischievous
126 140 154 43 109 162 189

I. Pope poem in four books (after *The*)
5 47 98 16 106 147 77

J. Appearance or manifestation, esp. of a deity
78 111 132 30 171 24 7 152

K. Cowboys, perhaps (2 wds.)
45 74 107 2 23 124 158 176 149 59

L. American harmonica player who has performed with symphony orchestras (full name)
94 110 51 67 136 172 40 86 134 58

M. 1958 Ferber novel (2 wds.)
120 3 21 72 91 143 177 32 65

N. English satirist (1567-1601; *The Unfortunate Traveller, or the Life of Jacke Wilton*)
102 84 100 163 14

O. Relies
130 44 112 76 165 142 150

P. Mid-morning snack, in Britain
71 157 113 79 93 15 69 144 122

Q. Check the flow of (a fluid) to control the speed of an engine
131 10 70 185 8 146 179 80

R. Just begun; rudimentary
4 38 49 117 151 54 187 31

S. Fumbles, botches
20 191 34 56 97

T. Choice, prime
18 159 75 26 85 169 129 160 186

U. Jester, clown
88 83 64 119 53 35 114

V. Large, white-skinned chickens
188 92 174 68 22 52 183 190 42 135

W. Deprives (someone) of something by fraud
133 62 170 90 178 115

X. Blessings
61 103 153 148 101

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THE BACK DOOR

The End of the Ostrich Option

THE TOWN where I grew up made headlines recently. On the night of Wednesday, May 9, in Bedford, New York, four murders were committed in two houses not far from each other. Christopher Sperry, 21, and the Sperry family's long-time governess, Nettie MacCormick, 82, were each shot in the head once, while in bed. Dr. Charles Frankel, a professor at Columbia and a former assistant Secretary of State, was shot in the head, liver, chest, and heart. His wife, Helen, was shot twice in the head. According to detectives, the motive of theft is insufficient to explain the brutality of these murders. At this writing, the victims have been buried; clues, but no killers, have been found.

The town is stunned. Cities absorb such shocks more readily. It requires the ghoulishness of a Son of Sam or a Richard Speck to capture jaded city-dwellers' attention more than fleetingly. The apparently irremediable viciousness of man—that stubborn evil that has kept folks wondering since time began about the existence, intentions, or, at least, the competence of God—is a daily fact of life in the city.

By comparison, Bedford is as innocent as Eden. Especially in May, at the edge of summer, when the old deciduous trees begin again to obscure the trim, spacious houses and to shade the picturesque bridle paths, Bedford looks like an advertisement for the benevolence of the Creator. The light is soft. The residents—walking, jogging, horseback-riding, playing golf or tennis, or driving their station wagons—greet one another pleasantly, glad to be fortunate and affluent enough to belong to such an agreeable community.

Like anywhere else, Bedford has its shortcomings. Booze afflicts some. The local child psychiatrist does a brisker business than anyone cares to admit. Infidelity and divorce are not uncommon. A certain smugness and snobbery, verging on prejudice, make the town less charitable than it might be toward outsiders. But, for all that, Bedford is a good place, a snug and tranquil community, loved by its townspeople; a responsible community, dedicated to the cultivation of children; a comparatively permanent community in this transient era, where residents dwell long enough to grow to know and care about one another.

Into this idyllic scene, like a fist through a canvas by Constable, came the killings. I read in the newspaper that the last murder in Bedford was in 1921: A thief killed a foreman who was trying to deter him. In 1896, the deputy postmaster was killed in another robbery. Unfortunately, but not surprisingly, burglaries nowadays are not infrequent. But while it is not hard for Bedfordites to understand why strangers might want to unburden them of their wealth, it is incomprehensible to them why anybody should want to take their lives. Such vicious killings suggested the existence of deep enmity, deeper than covetousness. It seemed that a war was being waged by unknown enemies against this more or less serene and harmless enclave.

The town reeled back as if slugged. Residents bolted their doors and waited with breaths bated, lest the house-to-house search by police discover more bodies. Some homeowners shopped for the burglar-alarm system that they'd never quite gotten around to buying.

After the shock came incredulity. Passers-by, even neighbors who had visited there frequently, glanced at the Sperry house with eerie wonder. The funeral for Christopher Sperry was scheduled for Sunday afternoon, in part, I suspect, to enable the town's preponderance of commuters to join the family in paying respects and in reaffirming the shared (if unarticulated) values of the community. The town's apparent beleaguerment made neighbors want to feel near to and supportive of each other.

Monday morning found the commuters on their customary dawn trains, rattling into Manhattan, past the boarded-up buildings and rubbled lots of Harlem—environs that they see frequently but avoid assiduously. At this writing, the case's most substantial clue suggests that the murderers came from a similarly disadvantaged part of New York City, by reverse commute.

An organism reacts to being hurt in one of three ways: by recoiling and erecting sturdier defenses, by ignoring the hurt, or by attacking the hurt's cause. Bedford's reactions to this trauma will probably be, first, to bolt the doors and bolster the police budget and next, paradoxically, to dismiss the murders as a hideous anomaly, like a meteor's hitting a rooftop. What my native town is unlikely to do is to face the only profitable lesson to be derived from this event: that, no matter how much effort and money one spends, no matter how fervently one strives to exclude the society's ills from one's community, no such safe enclave can exist. In a democratic society we are collectively responsible for and affected by the well-being of our fellow men. When the poor seethe, the powerful perspire. When there is wrath in the ghetto, there is death in Bedford.

—Carll Tucker

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